

THE WAR CRY.

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

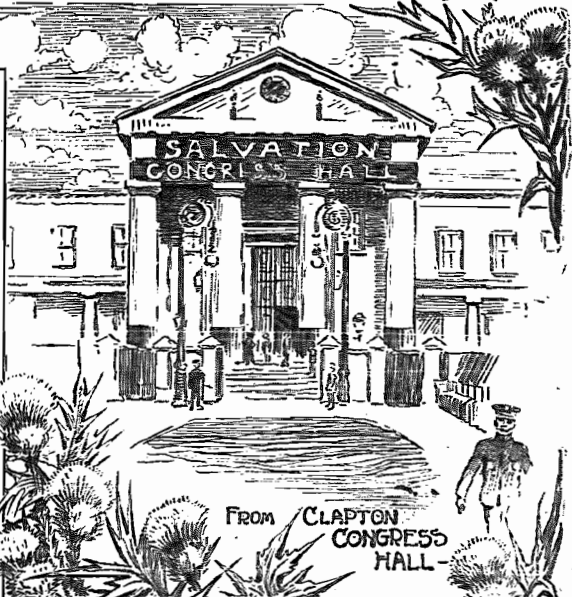
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WILLIAM BOUTH,
General.

TORONTO, JULY 24, 1909.

THOMAS R. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

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TO MELBOURNE HEADQUARTERS

COMMISSIONER AND MRS. HAY, NEW TERRITORIAL COMMANDERS FOR AUSTRALIA.—(See page 3.)



Cutlets from Contemporaries.

How Not to Judge.

The Railroad President and the Conductor.

A story is told of a shabbily dressed, lame man, who entered a railway depot one day. The conductor of the train, running along the platform, met him, and said to him, "Now then, old Limpy, get in, or you will be left behind."

Old Limpy got in, and when the guard was passing through the train and wanted his ticket, he came up in a rough sort of way. Limpy said, "I don't pay." The conductor answered, "I'll put you off at the next station," and gripped his bag. Old Limpy said, "Now, don't be quite so rough."

Somebody who occupied a seat near by, when the guard was passing on, touched him. "Do you know that you were talking to the president of the railroad? I know him well." The man went on about his business, saying, "My job's gone now."

When he had gone through the whole train, and checked all the tickets, he came up with his book, money and tickets, and put them down before Limpy, saying, "I resign my position."

The other man examined the book, money and tickets for a little while without raising his head, but presently he lifted his face without a spark of anger or retaliation in it, looked at him kindly, and said to him, "If you treat strangers like this, it will be very bad for the company. Never judge a man by the coat he wears. Everybody needs kindness; you want to be kind, tender and patient to everybody, although they are poor. You have been very imprudent. There is your book, your tickets, and your money; you can keep your situation, I will say no more."

The Book says that when Jesus Christ comes, the man who is lowest down is going to rule everything; the world will belong to him then; it will be such a world as it is not today.—The Victor.

A "Hallelujah" Romance.

What It Accomplished.

"Hallelujah!"

This happy ejaculation, made by a Salvationist in the streets of New York a few weeks back, caused a passing Britisher to halt and think. Thinking led to action, which, in a providential way, came to beautiful fruition in one of The General's meetings at the Congress Hall, Clapton, a few Sundays ago.

In the year 1889 this Britisher, owing to domestic trouble, cruelly deserted his wife and little family and went to America. In the rush of business he had almost forgotten the past. But the Salvationist's joyful "Hallelujah" aroused his slumbering conscience, and he determined at once to seek out his wife and children and make what amends were possible. With this purpose in view, he took the first boat to England.

Arriving in London, he noticed that The General was announced to conduct meetings at the Congress Hall the next Sunday, and remembering the Salvationist's "Hallelujah" decided to attend the night meeting. Here he found salvation, and then made the delightful discovery that his daughter—a Cadet in Training—was actually present in the meeting. Husband and wife are now happily reunited.—American Social Gazette.

In Ceylon's Isle.

With Commissioner Booth-Tucker.

In one of our most crowded meetings in Talampitiya, a drunkard angrily demanded for himself and thirty of his companions whom he had brought to the meeting. It was certainly difficult to accommodate him without locating him on the top of somebody else. But he was a big, burly fellow, and pushed his way to the front. It was some time before we could pacify or accommodate him.

greater than at the present time. With the marvelous development of the country's resources, the commercial advancement and the general expansion of our fair land, certain evils seem to have taken deeper root and to be spreading out their baneful branches and bearing fruit with dangerous and alarming rapidity. One has only to remind readers of the religious press of the fearful revelations which are being made week by week, and which are most appropriately being designated the "White Slave Traffic." There is only space in my brief column for a bare reference to it. But from the facts before us, we can no longer look upon the subject as remote or as one of interest only to foreign lands, or the o'er countries across the sea, or even to our friends of the United States.

Most appalling facts have been presented to us, of the terrible conditions prevailing, and we are informed, beyond doubt, that young girls and women from sweet Canadian homes, are the victims of this horrible system. We are informed by those who have the authority of experience to justify their statements, that the extent of the ramifications of this heinous business are beyond the conception of our belief. Young girls are decoyed by all manner of subtleties and deception. The young womanhood and precious girlhood of our land is in

In Jaffna a similar incident occurred. But in this case it was one of the leading lawyers of the town, who, under the influence of drink, took a prominent seat in the audience and kept interrupting the meeting with a running fire of comments.

The Army is still the attraction for those whom it was originally planned to seek and reach. Old converts and friends flocked around us, who had known The Army when it first started work in Ceylon some twenty-six years ago. Some are Officers, some are Sergeants, some are Soldiers, while some, though outside our ranks, are ever ready to lend us their sympathy and help. We heard from some of others who had joined Weerasooriya, H. P. Perera and Kantaballa among the ranks of the glorified. We stood on the shore near the spot, where Weerasooriya and I used to have our tiny 8 x 6, four annas a month palm leaf Headquarters, and where we used to help the fishermen pull in their nets. A fine Hall now occupies the place of our first pandal in Morutuna, where we used to have a plan for a bed and a lamp, a pillow, and is surrounded by the palm groves and cottages where we went "pinapatt" for our daily food.—Indian War Cry.

South African Warfare.

Incidents at Native Settlements.

The following incident will show the change that is coming over the neighbourhood of Ridesdel. Detectives were, last week, searching the Location for Kaffir beer. They knew it was no use to look in the houses of Salvationists for this kind of thing, and so went to the house of a certain Ben (who is Sergeant Major) was called upon to point out those of our people. After he had done so, there were so few left to search that surprise was expressed, and enquiries made as to when they had all been converted. The Sergeant-Major replied that there would soon be no need for detectives at all at Ridesdel, as The Army was

taking their place, and its people out of their hands.

On Victoria Day a band of forty Ridesdel warriors visited the "red" Natives of the Ba'sai district, meeting first at the Balasi Headman's kraal and enlisting the co-operation of some local Christians. A day's hard fighting was met in a large number of people gathered and one woman, heavily laden with Kaffir ornaments, threw herself at the peasant form, crying, "Take these vain things from my body." Five of the local Christians also came forward to pray for some of The "Army" boys. Many invitations were given to come again. One old man entreated The Army to come to his house. "For," said he, "my children call themselves Christians, but they do no work!"—African Cry.

The Real Winner.

He kept his soul unpotted
As he went upon his way.
He had tried to do some service
For God's people day by day;
He had time to cheer the doubter,
Who complained that hope was dead;
He had time to help the cripple,
When the way was rough and bad;
He had time to guard the orphan,
And one day, well satisfied
With the talents God had given him,
He closed his eyes and died.

He had time to see the beauty
That the Lord spread all around;
He had time to hear the music
In the shells the children found;
He had time to keep repeating
As he bravely worked away,
"It is splendid to be living
In this splendid world to-day!"
But the words—the words that
burry
After golden prizes—said
That he never had succeeded.
When the clouds lay o'er his head,
He had dreamed—"He was a failure."
For the companionate sighs;
For the man had little money in his
pockets when he died.
—New Zealand Cry.

The Praying League

Prayer Topic: Pray that the hearts of the young girls and women may be touched with desires to save their unfortunate and outcast sisters.

Sunday, July 25th—Rejoicing. 2 Sam. vi. 6-19.
Monday, July 26th—Message From God. 2 Sam. vi. 1-17.
Tuesday, July 27th—Grateful Acknowledgement. 2 Sam. vii. 18-29; viii. 1-6.
Wednesday, July 28th.—Jonathan Remembered. 2 Sam. vii. 7-11; ix. 1-10.
Thursday, July 29th.—David's Sin. 2 Sam. ii. 2-17.
Friday, July 30th.—Thou Art the Men. 2 Sam. xi. 26-27; 11:1-14.
Saturday, July 31st.—Pray For God's Will. 2 Sam. i. 15-20.

THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC.

An Appeal to Canada's Christian Womanhood.

By Mrs. Blanche Johnston.
"Wrongs do not leave off where they begin, but still beget new mischief in their course."—Daniel.
There has never been an hour in the history of morality in the Dominion when the necessity for vigilance on the part of the nation's moral watchmen and watchwomen was

imminent peril.

Many years of labour in The Army, for the rescuing of the unfortunate and fallen ones, have given the writer a keen sympathy for the victims and a knowledge—gained in that work—of the sufferings and anguish often endured by this sad and outcast class, creates an earnest desire to save them. While leaders of moral reform are taking an interest in this great social blemish upon our Dominion's character and Church, conferences, conventions and assemblies are discussing it, surely there is—here—a work for women, by women, which appeals to the whole Christian womanhood of the Dominion?

What can we do?

There seems little, and perhaps we feel helpless before this insidious evil. But there is much for us to do. The homes where the sweet, happy girlhood dwells must be watched and guarded.

In workshop, factory, and school, young women must be warned and gently and delicately educated and prevented, if possible, from venturing alone into strange towns and cities. While, of course, we appreciate and support the movement in the Criminal Code, and the recently introduced and passed by the Dominion Government as an amendment, which increases the penalty for this crime from two to five years imprisonment, is good so far as it

does, yet it is not punishment commensurate to the offence.

A comparison or two will prove this: For burning a house, a man is liable to imprisonment for life; for injuring a horse, rise to a fine of \$100; for burning a tree, a fine of \$500; for injuring a tree or shrub to the extent exceeding in value \$500 he is liable to five years penal servitude. And this is the penalty for the offenders, if captured and convicted for entrapment a girl and wronging her, against her will or wish into a life—the horrors of which one's pen dare not write or depict. This law must be changed. A severer punishment must be meted out to the human traffickers. (Our clergymen suggest—capital punishment) and, in this way, if possible, this evil must be stamped out.

Then we must pray! Not only must we guard the girlhood and protect the young womanhood in the home and sphere of industry and activity, and have the law changed for the greater punishment of those who traffic in the bodies and souls of innocence, but we must pray earnestly that this abomination be stamped out.

There are many other topics of which we have now—ere of vital interest. But I can only plead that every woman contribute herself a member of a vigilant committee, to watch, work, and pray.

AUSTRALIA'S NEW TERRITORIAL COMMANDERS.

Some Interesting Facts Concerning the Life, Work and Character of Commissioner Hay and His Devoted Partner.

OUR readers are already in possession of the information that Commissioner and Mrs. Hay have been appointed Territorial Commanders for Australia. A few facts concerning them will, therefore, be of interest.

To reach the position he holds today, Commissioner Hay has served an apprenticeship—if we may so term it—in practically every branch of the War. His Soldierhood was of comparative short duration. His Training over, he was commissioned as Lieutenant, and on the night he stood between the pillars of the Training Home with his first commission in his pocket he said, "I am God's. I am a Salvationist. I will go nowhere, do nothing, enter into no engagement, read no book, and patronise nothing that will block my progress."

A Pushing Young Officer.

Naturally, so energetic and emphatic a young gentleman would not remain Lieutenant long, and after promotion to the rank of Captain and the command of several Corps, he was, in 1886, appointed A.D.C. to the present Commissioner Ridsdel.

On the Staff, Commissioner Hay applied those same principles of rigid perseverance which are among his chief characteristics, mastering the intricacies of book-keeping, getting up early and sitting up late, in order to fit himself for his post. His all-round knowledge of Salvation Army Work has not, then, been gained without going through the mill. Divisional commands followed his A.D.C. ship, and then came Departmental work at the British National Headquarters.

The future Commissioner's mind was expanded, and his knowledge of men and affairs increased by the responsibility of directing the Intelligence Department and the Assistant Field Secretaryship. Further appointments on the Field followed, the Provincial Secretaryship of East Britain, and the Provincial Officer-ship of South Scotland. These paved the way for the Field Secretaryship of the United Kingdom.

A Strong Salvationist.

From Field Secretary, Commissioner Hay passed, to the chair of the Chief Secretary, a position in which he signally distinguished himself, and which he filled for more than seven years.

In 1898 he was appointed Principal of the International Training Homes at Clapton.

As regards the man himself, it has been written of him: "Commissioner Hay is undoubtedly one of the strongest of the strong young men who are making their influence felt in Army Councils, and are so worthily following in the footsteps of the devoted pioneers who helped to lay the foundations of the movement truly and well."

He represents much that is most advanced and progressive in present day Salvationism. Those early Salvationists, with their rugged personalities, earnest piety, and indomitable courage, like Canadian pioneers, penetrated unknown forest depths, "blazing" a trail for others to follow, and making a clearing upon which future townships could rise and flourish.

Completing the Pioneers' Work.

On the heels of the pioneers are the organisers, road makers, builders, administrators and statesmen. To the latter class the Commissioner belongs. It is difficult to obtain comparisons, but, given the same outside opportunities, Commissioner Hay would inevitably have gotten to the top in a commercial or managerial capacity. He would, for instance have made a Whitely, or a Sir Percy Grouard, that Prince of railway contractors. Or, if fortune, or misfortune, had favoured him, he might have been a second Croesus, like his countryman, Andrew Carnegie, for he hails from Scotland.

It could hardly have dawned upon the Clyde-side lad, as he amiled his way to school through the streets of Govan, his native town, that he would ever fill so important a position. Though the thoughts of youth, as Longfellow has it, are "long, long, thoughts," his did not quite stretch over a quarter of a century, for it is worth noting that on the very day The General handed him his Commissionership, he completed his first twenty-five years' service for God, twenty-four of which had been spent as a Salvation Army Officer.

An Unusual Circumstance.

It is also worth noting that the day after his promotion, the Commissioner was announced to lecture the Cadets in Training, where, under Commissioner Howard who was then in charge of the International Training Territory, he had, twenty-four years previously, acted in the capacity of bugler. He was, indeed, one of the first Cadets to enter the Clapton House, and is the first Officer Trained at Congress Hall to reach the rank of Commissioner.

An unusual circumstance in connection with Commissioner Hay's career, is that all his service has been done in the British Territory. Other Officers have been promoted on special international service, or on taking charge of a Territory outside of Great Britain. It is, therefore, all the more creditable to Commissioner Hay that he has reached such a high rank in the same country in which he commenced his Army career as a Lieutenant, twenty-seven years ago.

Promotion in The Salvation Army does not go for favour. A callow officer was once foolish enough to suggest that the Training of a Sal-

vation Army Officer consisted in merely learning a few catchy songs, and then going out to chatter on a street corner without rhyme or reason. So obvious a misstatement is not worth contradicting, but, if it were, Commissioner Hay's career would furnish us with a magnificent illustration of the utter impossibility of young men either entering Training, or having done so and having passed into the Field, of succeeding in their work, without those qualities of heart and mind—plus religion—by which men achieve success in the outside world.

Things That Have Helped.

Two gifts—one natural and the other acquired—have helped him up the ladder. The first is a natural aptitude for that much-misbelled, but indispensable friend called Figures? Or it would be more correct to say figures and what they represent. When at school he did well in his sums; and before he left it, his worthy schoolmaster had given the future Commissioner in The Salvation Army a shove in the cultivation of this capacity. Commissioner Hay is a calculator. He reckons things up. "Where will this policy lead to? Is it right? Is it wise? What will it cost? Who will do it? Can we do better?"

Then the Commissioner has acquired some excellent habits, one of which is the habit of taking trouble. "What does this mean" he will ask, when some subject is presented to him in the line of duty, to which he is a stranger or only partially informed upon. He will not rest till he has mastered it—no matter what the trouble necessary to doing so may be.

If he cannot thoroughly get at the bottom of a case, he will put it aside, make enquiries, or take it with him into a bus, car, or train, and go over it again, till he has mastered it. He is a diligent student at the feet of that great example of the same quality, the Chief of the Staff.

Some Wise Counsel.

Here, then, you have the key to his attainments and position in the Service—that is, apart, of course, from the definite and deep work of God in his soul. He is foremost a man of truth, a lover of righteousness, and a servant of the people for Christ's sake, while his character as a fearless and faithful upholder of the principles of The Army is stamped upon every appointment he has held.

Asked one day for some counsel to the young Field Officer with an ambition to become a successful winner and an efficient Officer, he replied, with that kind of readiness of utterance that is a sure sign of a man who lives in the reality of things, "Love! A passionate, constant, unselfish love for the

people. Love gives eyes and ears to the soul of a Field Officer. It will carry him over every stile, determine the character of his service, and be the daily inspirer of all his efforts—whether ordinary or extraordinary, novel, conventional, or anything else."

Lastly, we may add that the Commissioner has been helped by one of the best blessings, a devoted and consecrated wife.

For seven years Mrs. Hay was Secretary of the Slum Work. How she began her work on behalf of the poorest of the poor, is thus told.

"G'way an' mind yer ain business."

The untidy, drink-sodden woman cast off the Salvationist's restraining hand, as she hissed the words, and with a child clutching her ragged skirt, went slopping down the muddy street.

Minding Her Business.

"Mind yer ain business," she repeated, as the hand again restrained her.

"It's my business to get you out of this wretched condition," said The Army Officer, gently, but firmly, "and I'll mind it too!" she added.

This little scene occurred on one of the slumming streets of Edinburgh. The hour was midnight, and the Salvationist was Mrs. Hay, whose husband was then Provincial Officer for the South Scottish Province.

Several years later Mrs. Hay again met the woman. But this time she was with her husband; both were well off, and in full Army uniform—a sample of thousands of Army triumphs in the slums.

A Many-Sided Work.

Mrs. Hay can tell numbers of stories in this connection. How the labours of the London Slum Officers have won girls from lives of shame; have brought long separated husbands and wives together, have saved whole families from the poorhouse, and perhaps the grave, and brought light and liberty to dark and fettered lives—not to mention the constant feeding of the hungry, the clothing of the naked, and the nursing of the sick. During her command of the London Slums, it was no uncommon thing for her not to get home till midnight. After a hard day's work in the office she would hold meetings in the Slum Corps, after which, her wonderful store of sympathy and common sense would be requisitioned to arrange rows between men and their wives, deal with backsliders, find people work, clothing, food or medicine.

Commissioner and Mrs. Hay have a great opportunity before them in the land of the Southern Cross, and we are confident that they will meet with a very warm reception, and that under their able direction the work of The Army will continue to



PICTURES AND PARAGRAPHS.



Uncle Dan Reece and His Wife.
Who have been Soldiers of Newpawa Corps for twenty-one years. "Dan" is seventy-five years of age, and has been War Cry Sergeant for seven years. His wife has also held several Local positions.

A Victory on the Car.

The street car was crowded with scarlet coated military men. Two young Army converts sat opposite a group of the sneering, jeering men, who, evidently, were trying to rouse the ire of our uniformed lads. Occasionally some low song was started, God's name was freely taken in vain, and "Salvation Army" was continually voiced by foul-mouthed men as the car sped along.

Warfare was, of course, absent, but heroism was not. In a moment the younger Salvationist closed his eyes, and looking upward, said, in a tone that commanded open-mouthed attention, "Thank God I am a Salvationist!"

This utterance stirred the other young man's courage, and turning to his comrade, he said, "Can't we sing something, too, Will?"

A chorus which they had learned during the visit of Major and Mrs. Flant, flashed through the mind of one, and together they sang:

"Jesus, Mighty One, never shall I know

Dark defeat, since Thou shalt be
All I need for victory;

Thou art my encouragement,
I fear not sinking down;

My present salvation, my soul's inspiration,
From battlefield to crown."

The scene was changed. "I'll pay your car fare for that," said one of the men. The others shuffled uneasily in their seats, dropped their heads, and felt that they had been outdone. And not a few were sorry when our lads stepped off the car.

What a Brick Did.

With great familiarity a young woman the other day on an Army platform for the titled as a Soldier but when she poured flag, no consequences which was lacking, from this step, counted over the an unknown quantity. It would result stepped out on the street was almost leaving that sooner or later, she would acquire that promise, be which characterless so later she comrades the world overtook spirit

And so she did in amany of our lone way, in fact, would result

One night the Col. unceremoniously a very rough, ill, of the town. The inhabit marched the little band of Soldiers, and put highly indignant individuals defied half brick into the midst of some little group. It struck, it threw a laze. For a few moments of the peared to be bewildered, but mid enough the promised courage ap

to her aid. Turning to the Captain, she said, "Captain, that brick has made a Soldier of me!"
The Captain never doubted it.

Fetched His Retrothod Too.

Sitting in an Army meeting, a young man felt a deep conviction of sin within his heart. The young woman of his choice sat by his side; but she knew nothing of the struggle between right and wrong which was going on in her lover's heart.

Towards the close of the meeting, the young man made the decision in his heart for the right step, but remained in his seat. The devil having lost his ground that the young woman would probably be displease if she saw her beloved go to the penitentiary, he then tried to persuade the young man to wait until someone asked him about his soul.

Again Satan was defeated, for, after a momentary pause, the young man rose, deliberately walked down the aisle, and knelt at the mercy seat, where God met him, and a marvelous change was wrought.

Unlike the man of Bible fame, who said that he had married a wife, and therefore, could not come to the banquet, the new convert's first thoughts, as he rose from his knees, were for his loved one—would she accept Christ, too?

By her side he pleaded for a few moments, and then, with a heavenly smile on his face, led her to the mercy seat.

There was rejoicing in heaven that night, and in not a few homes.

A Veteran's Story.

"How did you come to join The Army, Dad?" we asked a veteran Soldier of a certain Ontario Corps, recently.

"Well, it was this way" replied the white-haired old man, eighty years of age. "I was out on the spree one night—I was a hard drinker remember—and having filled up on the liquor, went staggering down the street towards the place I called home. Suddenly I heard the booming of a drum. Although my senses were dull, because of the drink, I wondered what the racket was about; and then a little group of Salvationists came in sight. I had never seen anything or anybody like them before, and my stupefied curiosity was aroused. But that was not all. The words of the speakers fell upon my ears in a peculiar way, and when the little band marched away, I followed them.

Drunk though I was, the Spirit of God awakened me to a sense of my awful state, and I knelt at the mercy seat, surrendered my whiskey, pipe, tobacco, was sobered and saved on the spot."

"Good! And have you been a Salvationist very long?" was next asked.

"Nearly twenty-five years—fifteen of them I've been Colour-Sergeant," the warrior replied, with a sparkle in his eye.

"Praise God! And you're ready for another twenty-five, eh?" we queried, taking the old man by the hand, which were also told had been clasped in that of The General's some time ago.

"Oh, yes" the old man replied, as he prepared to go to the open-air meeting.

The Defeat of a Gang Leader.

"You will proceed to the town of alone."

The Captain's orders to farewell from her Corps had arrived, and her new appointment was named. The place was known to be a desperately hard "go," but our Captain resolved never to shrink her cross.

Tromblingly, she started the first meeting in her Barracks, which was nothing more than a shanty. The men were a rough crowd, indeed, but there was one among them who had time after time terrorized the whole

town by his lawlessness. He was a giant in stature, and a giant in his leadership of the "gangs."

"I'll clear The Army from this 'ere place in no time," he proudly avowed to his chums.

The Captain hearing of this rumour, was naturally somewhat perturbed but that night prayed earnestly on behalf of the man; prayed for a message which would break his hard heart.

The next night the Captain felt a little bolder than usual with her subject, "The Blood of Christ." How she exhorted and how she pleaded, seemingly to no effect, until, from the back of the little place, she saw a big, husky man striding down the aisle. It was the man for whom she had prayed—the leader of the gang.

Falling down in a heap at the mercy seat, he found the Blood as efficacious as ever, and to-day he is a worker in the ranks of The S. A.

A Lost Revenge.

Billy McCurdy determined that he would have sweet revenge on the individual who had wronged him. He had a trusty equipment in store for the carrying out of his dark deed, and, at a late hour on a certain night, he left his room to watch for his victim.

While walking leisurely down a narrow street, his ears were suddenly surprised by the sounds of singing.

Where such melody could come from at such an hour, Billy did not know. He walked on, and observed the street, and then came upon a little Salvation Army Hall.

Despite the fact that time was drawing near when he should meet his enemy, Billy felt curious as to what was going on, and before he realised what he was doing, had stepped inside the brightly-lighted Hall, where a prayer meeting was in progress.

The rest is soon told. The revenge was rooted to his seat, until, with a mighty effort he flung himself at the penitent form. God saved his soul, and thus was a murder averted.

Never Too Busy for S. A.

With a bundle of War Crs under his arm, a Salvationist one day stepped into the lobby of a lawyer's finely furnished office. Halfway inside the door he noticed that the learned gentleman was busy with a client, and so quickly prepared to withdraw from that office to await an opportune moment. At that instant the lawyer looked at the man's desk, and, catching a glimpse of the red-jerseyed boomer called out, "Hullo, there! what can I do for you?"

At this summons, the Salvationist advanced to the lawyer's side, and told him his "vision" at the same time remarking that he saw he was pre-occupied.

"Oh, oh!" laughed the good-natured lawyer, "mark this: I'm never too busy to attend to The Army. Was Crs is it you have? I'll buy one, and you might leave one for the stenographer also. Thank you."

Two Crs changed hands and a coin jingled into the pocket of the boomer.

Godless New York.

In an article on the godlessness of New York, Mr. Ray Stannard Baker states that great indifference concerning religious matters prevails there. He says:—

"Not only have the working classes become alienated from the churches, especially from the Protestant churches, but a very large proportion of well-to-do men and women who belong to the so-called cultured class, have lost touch with church work. Some retain a nominal belief, but the church plays no vital or important part in their lives. Thousands of men and women contribute to the support of the churches, yet allow



Sister Davis (standing), Sister Moore (sitting), of Regina Corps.

These comrades collected \$21.00 and \$14.00 respectively for Self-Denial. They have been on the Roll only six months.—Adjutant Cummins.

no church duty to interfere with the work or pleasures of their daily lives.

Efforts are being made to stem the tide of indifference, but they do not seem to succeed. Some of the churches have started gymnasiums and baths, clubs and classes, to try and get back to the people but it is found that other agencies do similar work and do it better.

The upshot of this article is, that it is no use offering gymnasiums to people who are underfed and underpaid, and who live in miserable and unsanitary homes. Too much work, too small wages, poor homes and no amusement are degrading the people, with whom the churches have got out of touch, and who they realise need helping, but who they have not yet learned to help.

It seems to us that the only way to remedy this state of affairs is for the people of God to go in for the baptism of the Spirit and then go out on the streets warning sinners and seeking to save souls. It is Christ that the people want, not clubs or gymnasiums.

Plague of Caterpillars.

It would hardly be thought possible that caterpillars could stop a train, but such a thing has actually occurred on the line between Fredericton and McAdam Junction.

These caterpillars, which are said to belong to the Forest Tent species, have appeared in such numbers that the whole of the trees in the neighbourhood have been stripped of every leaf, and the region presents the appearance of an early winter. Every now and then they have swarmed over the railway at night, and when passing trains have ploughed into them, the rails have become so greasy that the engines have come to a stop, and have been delayed as much as three or four hours. Now the crews have swept the rails and sprinkled them with sand.



Captain Drew, Lieut. McKinlay, Ensign Hayes, Mrs. Captain Drew, and Lieut. Murray, of Winnipeg.

THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS.

Coolest of British Tar.

Another instance of the splendid discipline of the men of the British navy occurred recently, when the cruiser "Sappho" collided with a steamer of the same name in the English Channel.

The shock of the collision was so great that many of the men were thrown off their feet. An alarm was sounded throughout the warship, the men were ordered to quarters while the collision doors at once given for the collision doors to be closed and collision mats to be placed in position over the breach in the vessel's side. There is no doubt that the great presence of mind shown by those in command of the cruiser, averted a dreadful disaster. If the doors had been open a few minutes longer, the boat must have gone to the bottom with an appalling death-roll. All the finest traditions of the British navy were maintained in the coolness and pluck displayed by the crew under these nerve-racking conditions.

An eye-witness stated that the men turned out immediately and stood to their quarters with almost the same coolness as if they were on parade in safety in harbour. Instead of on a sinking ship, walled round with a thick veil of impenetrable fog. Those who were detailed to close the water-tight doors and place the collision mats in position, carried out those duties with alacrity, and the discipline which was spoken of as being magnificent.

Causers Change Their Port.

The directors of the Cunard Line have decided that their steamships shall call at Fishguard, in South Wales, in order to save time.

Fishguard is thirty-two miles nearer to Queenstown than Holyhead, and 102 miles nearer than Liverpool, and would enable passengers on the big liners "Lusitania" and "Mauretania" to be certain of reaching London at a reasonable hour on Monday night and those on the "Lucania" and "Campania" on Tuesday nights, sailing from New York on the preceding Wednesdays. West-bound liners should land their passengers here on Thursdays and Fridays respectively, according to the speed of the ship. It is understood that the first experiment of landing passengers at Fishguard, will be made by the "Lusitania," sailing from this side, on July 29th.

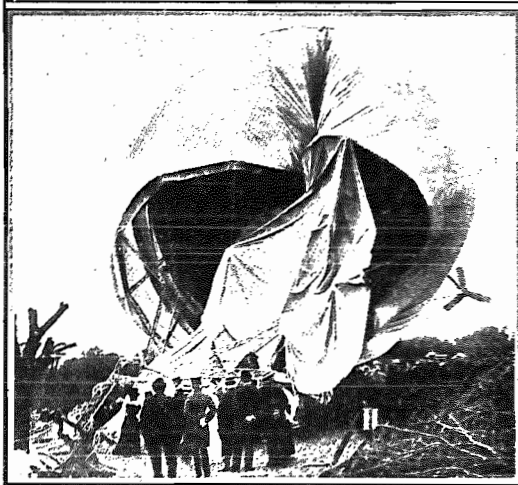
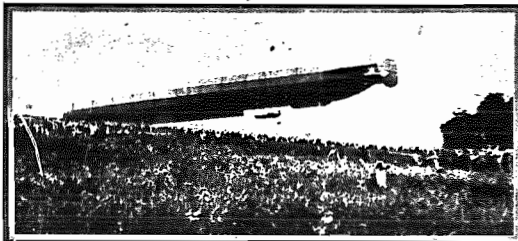
Finding Paths of Ocean Currents.

In order to obtain information as to the direction of ocean currents, sealed bottles are often cast adrift. They are dropped into the ocean by mariners, and could be furnished by the United States Hydrographic Office, which seeks enlightenment on all subjects dealing with navigation. These bottle papers, as they are called, are printed in seven languages, and have blank spaces for the name of the vessel from which the bottle was cast and the vessel which picked it up, as well as the dates and the latitude and longitude of the starting and finishing points of the voyage.

If a man finds a bottle on the beach and follows directions, he mails the paper to the Hydrographic Office, whose experts trace the path followed by the bottle, defuncting this path on the map which forms a part of the regular pilot chart given to navigators who furnish marine data to the office. A star on the map marks the point at which the bottle was cast adrift, a circle the point of recovery, and a number is attached to indicate the order in the accompanying chronological list.

Sued the Saloon Keeper.

A decision which will aid the cause of temperance, was recently given in the Michigan Supreme Court. Mrs. J. M. Morrison, of Grand Lake, brought suit against Frederick, a saloon-keeper, in the same town, claiming \$10,000 damages from him, for having sold liquor to her husband, thereby causing the



Count Zeppelin's historic flight from Lake Constance to Berlin was interrupted by an accident at Goppingen in Wurtemberg, which shows how fragile is his flyer. After being thirty-eight hours in the air he had to come down to replenish his benzine. Unfortunately, the airship ran into a tree on a rising, and had her bow stove in to the extent shown here. Engineers were set to work upon it, and by their heroic efforts the 100 feet of damaged envelope was repaired with fir trees bound together and covered with balloon cloth. The vessel, however, thus repaired, was as a lame duck and made slow progress on her way back to her stable, which she managed to reach two days after the accident.

plaintiff to lose her home, her money, and the companionship of her husband. It was shown to the satisfaction of the court that until Marriam took to drink, he was a prosperous railroad telegrapher, and stood high with his employees. The drink habit caused him to lose everything and finally his wife was obliged to leave him. The case went first before a jury, which gave Mrs. Marriam a small verdict, but she appealed to the Supreme Court and the decision resulted in a verdict against the saloon-keeper for \$5,225.

If every wife whose husband had been ruined by drink would adopt the same tactics, the saloon-keepers would soon get out of business.

The Cocaine Habit.

A man in New York was recently sentenced to one year in prison for selling cocaine indiscriminately. In commenting on this, the Montreal "Witness" says:—

"There are few more striking examples than cocaine of how a thing may be either a curse or a blessing according to how it is used or abused."

"When it is taken internally it is a cerebral stimulant, and moderate doses usually cause a pleasant sense of exhilaration and temporary increase in mental and physical power. When administered for suffering the relief is sometimes so great as to lead to the habit of using the drug, while others acquire the habit innocently through the medium of various nostrums which are pretended to cure hay fever, nasal catarrh and other complaints. When the use of the drug is continued, slavery to it is the inevitable result. It destroys the will power, the only

power by which it can be abandoned. The habitue suffers from loss of flesh and strength, digestive and circulatory disorders, trembling of the limbs, insomnia, headache, vertigo, and other distressing maladies. Hallucinations accompany physical distresses, and maniacal outbreaks are not uncommon. There is complete decadence of mental and moral qualities. The cocaine fiend, we read, 'respects no convention or obligation, and will lie, steal, or use any other base means to gratify his passion for the drug, being lost to all considerations of duty or social position.'"

"The number of unfortunate who are addicted to this hopeless habit, is extensive in all large cities, and legislation finds great difficulty in dealing with its suppression, because the sale is very profitable and the fiends who sell the drug are assisted in concealment by its victims. Exemplary punishment is, therefore all the more necessary when a miscreant is convicted."

Open-Air Work.

The Pioneer recently contained an editorial calling attention to the value of open-air work for stirring public interest in any movement. We clip the following from it:—

"Peripatetic peddlers of quack medicines and other such wares find no difficulty in securing audiences as they travel from place to place. Nearly any loud-voiced speaker can gather a crowd at a street corner or on a vacant lot."

"In a better spirit, and with a higher motive the Salvation Army has many meetings every evening in the open air, gathering large audiences of passers-by, and at the

people to better lives with their earnest appeals and strenuous music."

The article concludes with an appeal to the temperance workers to adopt the same methods in carrying on their campaigns. We suggest that they join The Salvation Army, and help us carry on our warfare, not only against drunkenness, but against all kinds of sin.

The Murder of Miss Sigel.

A shocking murder recently occurred in New York, a young lady named Miss Sigel meeting her death at the hands of a Chinaman. We would not refer to it at all, except for the fact that there seems to be a disposition on the part of the press to mock at mission work amongst the Chinese in our large cities. We think it only fair, therefore, to state the following facts, which recently appeared in the "Christian Guardian":—

"Lee Towe, the present head of the Mott Street Mission in New York, writes: 'Miss Sigel was a woman of high caste, whose grandfather was a general. She never taught at any mission. A few years ago her mother taught at a Congregational Church for Chinese. In the last few years she has not taught at all.' Lee Towe says, also, that although 'Leon Ling said he was a Christian, it was not true. When in Philadelphia, he used to go to a Chinese mission once a week. Since he has been in New York he never attended any mission for Chinese.' Whatever we may think of the custom of young girls acting as teachers of Chinamen it should be borne in mind that the present case is not one of this kind. Miss Sigel was not a mission teacher, and the supposed murderer was not recognized as a Christian Chinaman. In this instance Christian missions must not be saddled with any share of the blame attaching to the horrible crime."

Good Training for Children.

A good experiment in educating children in manual labor, is being carried on in Sweden, and may with profit be adopted in our country.

The older children learn carpentry, iron-work, weaving, netting, boot-making, basket making, wood carving, brush making, metal work, sewing, cutting out clothing, dress-making and tailoring. Everything made by the children is sold for the benefit of the school, either at a bazaar held at stated intervals, or in the workshops.

The money thus earned more than covers the cost of the raw materials, in return for their work the children receive a meal, either dinner or supper.

The children have to keep the rooms tidy and clean, and every week the girls take turns in helping to prepare the meals for the other children. They bring their own clothes and boots to mend. One hundred and eighty pairs of boots were patched in Stockholm in one year on one of the workshops.

Among the few rules governing the management of these schools is one that no child can take up a new trade without first making several perfect articles in the trade which is being relinquished. This ensures thoroughness. The children make plaited chip-hats, straw slippers, shoes, trousers, coats, dresses, aprons, plaited chairs, tables shelves and baking troughs. They weave mats, dusters, and shawls. In some workshops they make iron and steel instruments such as hammers, rakes, spades, small iron bedsteads and sledges. In one school a considerable success has been made by baking bread. The children bring the flour and materials for bread, and cakes from their homes, and the parents are naturally pleased to see the loaves of bread and buns which are brought back.

Make the most of your everyday chances to serve your father and mother.

It does not matter what the father is made of the question is, does it bind?

Eastern Echoes.

The P. C. and D. O. spent Friday night at Louisburg and the P. S. at Port Morien. A good time is reported at both places with a convert at each. We have just secured a new Hall and Officers' Quarters at Morien which will be ready to occupy as soon as alterations are completed.

Whitney Pier may have a property all its own in the near future; the P. C. and the D. O. inspected a lot there a few days ago. Brigadier Morchen spent the weekend at Whitney, and reports good meetings.

The Provincial Commander spent Saturday night and Sunday afternoon and night at Glace Bay, and did the holiest meeting at New Aberdeen where one person sought God. In the afternoon at Glace Bay, the Colonel dedicated the five children of Bandsman and Mrs. Davis to God and the War, and two Juniors sought salvation. Adjutant Martin and Captain Poir are doing well.

The P. S. visited Dominion, in company with the D. O., on Saturday night. A number of Bandsmen came from New Aberdeen for this meeting, which was full of interest from start to finish. The P. S. did the knee drill at New Aberdeen, and the holiest meeting at Glace Bay, where one sought healing for his backaches. The night meeting at New Aberdeen was conducted by the P. S., and one soul sought salvation.

We all left our meetings early on Sunday night to take the midnight train on our homeward journey. The D. O. returned to Halifax, the P. C. and P. S. called at Amherst, in the interests of the Property Department after which the P. C. returned to P. H. Q., and the P. S. finished his tour by calling at Springhill and Parrboro, at which places the Mayor of the town presided.

Adjutant and Mrs. Carter have just arrived in St. John. The Adjutant takes up his new work as a "Revival Campaigner," and for a few weeks Mrs. Carter will try to regain her health, which has been very much run down for some time.

No great cold strike in Cape Breton. The New Aberdeen Corps Bandsmen have placed themselves at the disposal of the P. C. for a tour in the Province, while out of work. They commence at New Glasgow, and will visit a number of places in the Province during the next few weeks, if the strike continues.

Ensign Hamilton, of Halifax H., is the latest addition to our already long list of sick comrades, and Captain and Mrs. Ensey have also been compelled to take a furlough before going to another appointment. We have had an epidemic of sickness in this Province during the past few months.

I hear rumours of Weddings in two or three different parts of the Province. "Who is it?" do you say? Well, watch the Cry. Suffice it to say that two of our Eastern Ensigns and two wearers of red braid are very much interested. Of course, they are not in our Province just now, but will be, we hope, by the time these events have taken place. In connection with the change of Officers taking place on the 15th, the P. C. is conducting an Officers' meeting in St. John for the city Officers, and all Officers passing through P. H. Q. at that time. We are expecting a time of much blessing.—Traveller.

Long Pond, Nfld.—Two comrades have taken their stand under the dear old Flag. One of them was among the first converts after the Corps was opened.

During the winter, over fifty souls have knelt at the mercy seat. Quite a few of them have been made into Soldiers. May they go on to victory. —Ensign H. Wiltshire.

What Shall I Do With My Life?

Addressed Especially to Young People by Mrs. Blanche Johnston.

A MESSAGE TO GIRLS.

CHAPTER VI.

Go Quickly.—Matt. xxviii, 7.

It seems to me as if this series of articles to the Young People of The Army and its adherents, would not be complete unless at least one special message to girls and young women were included. Nowhere have women been given greater opportunities for sharing in the building up of God's Kingdom than in The Salvation Army. Many years ago, when woman's path was hedged about by custom and prejudice, and she was not permitted to have any part in public service for Christ, The Army Mother braved the storm and criticism of the world, and under the influence of Divine compulsion, stepped into pulpit and platform, and so was the means of swinging wide doors of privilege, through which thousands of women have passed into spheres of surpassing usefulness. The shackles of conventionality forged by education and the world were severed and woman entered into her birthright in Christ. But it is not of the great public field I wish to speak specifically just now, but of the many departments of work The Army offers which are more exclusively women's work.

Care of Little Children.

The care of little children. It may be some "human reader may say, I can never be a preacher, or take my place in the highways or public ways of life, but I would like, in some more retired sphere, to spend my life for the Saviour. In every woman's heart there is, or should be, the protective or mother's instinct, the natural love of shielding, caring for, and improving the life of little children. There is in The Army, great scope for the development of this gift or characteristic. I need only remind my reader of the hundreds of schools in India alone. There is an opportunity of doing a work of dual usefulness, teaching and evangelising. Then too, it is said that to perfect the success of that new opening—Korea—The Army must undertake the instruction of the young, and this story might be repeated of other nations. Newfoundland—to come to the home

Field—offers unique opportunities of teaching in The Army Schools. Again, I would like to plead for the little children of the slums, and of the new districts among our foreign population. This is surely the flood-tide for reaching, blessing and saving the dark-eyed wee ones who have come from far lands across the sea.

Oh, girls, with your bright, sunny smiles, and your buoyant health and good spirits, what a chance you have to make your lives impress little hearts and lives for time and eternity.

The Rescue Work.

Surely here is a woman's work for women. If space permitted, what a plea I could make, gathered from the experiences of many years of service in this work. What stories of pitiful sorrow and heartbreak I could tell you! But I must urge you to ask our compassionate Saviour to touch your heart with pity and a desire to save your poor, unfortunate and outcast sisters, and the needy, suffering little children. For fear that my young comrade does not understand much about the requisite qualification for this work, I am going to mention a few practical suggestions:

A Rescue Worker Must Be Good. Then she must be humble. So fully consecrated to God and her work that she will be willing to do the most menial thing for "His sake." She must be tactful. Tact is an essential to the success of a Rescue Officer. So much tact and wisdom is needed in dealing with the different dispositions encountered. She must have a love for her work, feeling it is her God-given place. She needs strength of body, and firmness of character, and to be capable of doing some branch of her work efficiently. She should be orderly and systematic. She should have an intense love for God and souls, the outcome of a pure heart.

A fair education is necessary and some knowledge of music very helpful. In fact, I think that any womanly knowledge, or qualifications can be made useful in the work of saving poor unfortunate women and helpless little children.

A willing, consecrated spirit is, of course, the first requisite, and the Cross can be borne (the disagreeable duties performed in a loving, cheerful manner.

In conclusion, my dear girls, I would like to remind you that the work commenced and inaugurated by that noble woman Florence Nightingale, has become an honoured profession in slum, garret, hospital, ward, and Social Institution. The Army nursing Sister is a gladly welcomed visitor. She not only carries healing and soothing for bodily wounds, but a panacea in the blessed story of the Cross, for weary, sin-sick souls as well. Ponder these words in your heart and see if the call is to you to "Go quickly."

(To be continued.)

Band Chat.

When the New Aberdeen and Glace Bay Bands unite, the people of these districts know that some up-to-date Army music is forthcoming. Such was the case on Monday, June 21st, at Glace Bay, when the New Aberdeen comrades came over, and assisted Brigadier and Mrs. Morchen in a special meeting. A recent photograph of the latter Band recently appeared in the Bandsman and Songster and Local Officer.

On June 27th, the New Aberdeen Band visited the Hospital, cheering the inmates with their music. Part of the Band is assisting Captain and Mrs. Hargrove (New Aberdeen former Officers) and their little Band.

Ottawa Bandsmen have conducted another weekend at their Corps, thus proving themselves Blood and Fire Salvationists to the core. Not Bandsmen only. Bandsmate Harris was in charge. Bandsmate Meadows (snare drummer) has been welcomed.

The L'Esper Band spent a very enjoyable time at the Dufferin Camp on Wednesday night, June 20th. Brigadier Bond was in charge of the meeting, and the Band influenced the proceedings with several of the latest marches and selections. This meeting was also the occasion of the presentation of long service badges to the Bandsmen. The Band numbered thirty players, who have a total of just 400 years' service. Nine of the men received a twenty years' badge, five fifteen years, and ten ten years, and five five years' badges. The twenty year badge is a swell affair (Go in for it boys.)

The Band would be pleased to welcome a first-class solo cornet and euphonium player. Write Band Secretary A. Clarke, 6 Fenning Street, Toronto, Ont.

Huntsville Band needs a good first cornet and a bass player. Will applicants kindly write Ensign Plant Box 238, or Deputy-Bandmaster Spenser, and matters regarding work etc., will be immediately arranged.

On Saturday, July 10th, Dovercourt Bandsmen spent a happy day at the country home of Brother and Sister Ramey, of Stouffville (formerly of the Dovercourt Corps). The day was unmarred, but for the rain during the afternoon, when the Band Boys gave an open-air musical meeting near their rendezvous. They all so rendered several selections at the depot, while waiting for the train.

On Sunday, July 11th, the Band led the meetings at Dovercourt, while the Adjutant at night held forth on a neighbouring avenue with a Band of Soldiers.

On Sunday, July 11th the Temple Band extended a hearty welcome to Bandsman W. Nicol (solo tenor) and Bandsman McNeill (1st cornet).



Pioneer Officers of Elk Lake City Corps, New Ontario. This shows them on a trip to the mines to sing salvation songs to the miners.

It is a fatal idea if a man tries to carry over his old life into his new life.

The Cobalt Disaster. JONAH, THE FLEEING PROPHET. PERSONALITIES.

BY COLONEL BRENGLE.

The following letter has been received by Colonel Mapp from the Mayor of Cobalt:—

"Dear Sir,—In reply to your favour of 5th inst., I beg to state that I personally, am very grateful to you and your people for the assistance given by your Officers in helping to take care of the sufferers from our late disaster, and, no doubt, they will report to you the true state of affairs, as I think your Captain in charge here, knows more of the true situation than I do myself.

"So far as feeding and housing the people, that has been done to the satisfaction, I think, of everyone. The only matter that may be somewhat difficult now, is to ascertain the true position of loss to the people, so as to enable the committee to distribute the money that has been subscribed to the people who are really most deserving. Quite a number of people who were fairly comfortable, with house, furniture and clothing, have been cleaned out entirely, and these are the people that we are desirous of helping now, in regard to the distributing of the subscriptions that are sent in. It is the determination of the Committee that this shall be done in the most careful manner. Yours very truly, H. H. Lang."

A New Zealand Social Officer.

He's Always Meeting the Boys.

Well, I'll just tell you what I most in Victoria of recent I could hardly go anywhere without meeting someone with whom I have been associated. Either they have been with me in the Men's Club, or as lads at Baywater or elsewhere. Why, when I came back on this trip, while walking from Flinders Street to the National Headquarters, I was stopped on no less than four occasions by young men who had, as lads, been under my care, and all were doing well and making good citizens. It was good to grip them by the hand. Then, at the subsequent march along Bouffé Street, after welcoming Sydney City Band, I was delighted to recognize the standard-bearer as one of my Baywater Boys. The whole secret of successful Social Work is this bond between the Officers and those they are trying to help. Their influence, once gained in the Home, is never lost, and the Officer is encouraged and the one assisted is often greatly helped in the renewal of their friendship in after days, and under the circumstances. The Social Work is of a very high grade, and the Army is regarded with great respect by all sections of the community. We shall very soon be opening a splendid Home for Boys at Eltham, in the Taranaki District. This is being erected by Envoy Jenkins, and is to be handed over to the Salvation Army."—Australian Cry.

Captain Large, of the Bloor Street Hospital, Toronto, recently received news of the sudden illness of her father in Charlottetown, P. E. I. The Captain departed in haste for that far away Isle, but arrived too late to be at her father's side during his

MEN who do things for God and who have God on their side, usually in the beginning, find their way rough, hedged in and very difficult. "It is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth," wrote Jeremiah, and this is their lot and portion. Their hearts are encouraged and their spirits supported, not by favouring circumstances and applauding crowds and smiling heavens but by a stern sense of duty and a secret, silent whisper of faith and hope and a hidden fire of love, which makes them

Laugh at impossibilities, And cry, "It shall be done."

It certainly was so with Joseph, through those bitter years of slavery and imprisonment, before he was lifted up to Pharaoh's side and made ruler of Egypt and set to "teach his senators wisdom."

It was so with Moses during those forty years in Pharaoh's palace, as the reputed son of Pharaoh's daughter, in which he mastered the wisdom and learning of Egypt and those other forty years when his masterful spirit was humbled and chastened in the desert feeding sheep.

It was so with David and Daniel and Paul and The General.

They struggled on against ridicule and reproach and persecution, when to human vision it seemed that God Himself, if not against them, was indifferent to them.

They were possessed of the spirit of John Milton, who poor and old and blind, wrote, "Yet I argue not against heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer straight onward."

They knew the secret of the Psalmist who wrote "Thou O God, hast proved us; Thou hast tried us as silver is tried. Thou broughtest us into the net; Thou laidest snares upon our heels. Thou has caused men to ride over our heads; we went through fire and water: but"—listen—"Thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place." In due time, when He had tried and proved them, the universe saw that God was on their side.

They did not consult with their convenience or their fears, but only with their sense of duty and their heart of faith and love and so they were unmoved amidst the storm and long trial, and prospered.

They did not observe the winds before sowing, nor regard the clouds before reaping, but sowed in the morning and in the evening withheld not their hand. Like Joseph, they would not commit sin to escape persecution. Nor would they turn aside a hair's breadth from the path they had marked out for themselves, to avoid chains and dungeons. Nor would they shut themselves up in some quiet temple to save their lives. They were kindred spirits to the man who through the heat of conflict keeps the law in calmness made, and sees what he foresees.

But how different is the man who is running away from duty and God! Circumstances seem to favour him. The south wind blows softly and, in spite of warnings of wisdom and good will, he is away to the storm-

Jonah. "How lucky!" he must have thought. "What good fortune!" "His stars favour him." "So far all is well!"

Oh, the backsliders and runaways who find ships waiting for them, and forgetting God, and duty, and faith, and the souls that lean upon them. take counsel with their seeming good fortune, hug themselves with complacency and gaily set sail for Tarshish!

Abelom found Abithophel and the men of Israel ready to flock to his standard when he raised it in revolt against King David his father. "He found a ship."

Judas found the High Priest and his party ready to pay hard, cold cash for the betrayal of Jesus. "He found a ship." These are terrible examples. But we often find men who do not count themselves to be backsliders, illustrating in their lives the same principle.

A Salvation Army Officer left his post, reviled The General and his old comrades found a rich man ready to provide him a home with a big salary, which he at once accepted. "He found a ship."

Another Officer ran away from his post, and at the first place he visited, he found that they wanted a cook, and since he was a cook, he felt highly favoured and was delighted. "He found a ship."

But the storms soon overtook these ships, and most interesting and instructive was the sequel.

Run away, O my brother, my sister, from the duty to which God in infinite wisdom and foreknowledge calls you, the path which He, in boundless love marks out for you, and the devil will surely arrange to have a ship ready to carry you down to Tarshish. But he cannot insure you against a storm, and he would not if he could. Storms certainly await you however softly the south wind may now blow.

You remember what happened to Jonah. You know the end of Abalom and Judas. Not that I would for an instant compare you with them, but the smallest disobedience is a step toward the steep and awful incline which, if not retracted, leads to their doom.

My Officer friends, like multitudes of others whom I could mention were soon overtaken by storms of unrest and disappointment, were swallowed by disaster, and lay in the belly of trouble and shame and sorrow, till the Lord in mercy delivered them, when they found their way back to the port they had deserted and went humbly and wisely on their belated way to their appointed Nineveh.

No doubt a ship will be waiting for you if you leave your post of duty and try to run away from the face of the Lord, but it will not bear you to a harbour of peace, but rather to the midst of a stormy sea, where your poor soul will be engulfed by great waters.

Be wise, "Wait on the Lord." "Be filled with the Spirit." Do His will. Delight yourself in Him, and your peace shall flow as a river, and your righteousness as the waves of the sea. Hallelujah!

Commissioner and Mrs. Higgins recently conducted Denmark's

Colonel Taylor, of I.H.Q., conducted a party of emigrants on the "Empress of Britain," to the Dominion. The big liner left England on July 2nd, and, after a somewhat stormy and foggy voyage, arrived on this side on July 5th. We were pleased to again see the Colonel, who left Toronto for Chicago, on Tuesday night, July 13th.

* *

Staff Captain White spent a day at the recent New York Congress.

* *

Adjutant and Mrs. Howell, of London I., have been transferred to the Pacific Province, where they will take charge of Vancouver I. Corps.

* *

Adjutant T. Bloss, of Vancouver, writes us saying that while collecting for new Halls in suburban districts, two gentlemen handed him subscriptions, one of \$250, and the other \$260. He adds, "This is the class of people we keep out West, who really appreciate the work of The S. A."

* *

Adjutant and Mrs. Campbell, of North Bay, have gone on a short furlough.

* *

Ensign Burlew, of the Financial Department, New York, visited T. H. Q. on Wednesday, July 14th. The Ensign appeared to be delighted with the Queen City.

* *

Lieut.-Colonel Foster, Provost-Commander in the Transvaal, has been appointed to succeed Colonel Gozaars, as Chief Secretary in Holland, his place being taken by Lieut.-Colonel Van Rossum.

* *

Commissioner McKie arrived in Naples on Monday, June 21st, and proceeded overland to Stockholm, where he is to be officially installed by the Foreign Secretary (Commissioner Howard) during the Swedish Congress.

* *

Colonel Joseph Hammond, who, since his return from India, has been engaged in special service connected with the International Headquarters, has, we learn, taken up an important appointment at the Foreign Office, at the

Colonel Hammond will be largely occupied in inspecting Departmental work of our work in various parts of the world, and will, therefore, travel a great deal, though Mrs. Hammond is at home and her family will reside in London.

* *

Adjutant and Mrs. Smith, of St. John's I., Newfoundland, are taking a short rest at Ottawa, prior to entering a new command.

* *

Captains Sneekrove and McInnes are, also on furlough.

* *

Lieutenant Miller, who has been appointed to the Montreal Metropolitan, has been to his home at Mecanic, for a few days, to see his father, who met with serious injury in an accident.

* *

The employees of the Printing Department at Headquarters are having a picnic at Bond Lake on 11th. A good time is assured, that Brigadier Potter and

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GAZETTE.

Promotions—

Lieutenant Mabel Glover, to be Captain.
Lieutenant Frank Lang, to be Captain.
Lieutenant Faith Cooper, to be Captain.
Lieutenant Harry Hills, to be Captain.
Lieutenant Anne Peely, to be Captain.
Lieutenant William Poole, to be Captain.
Lieutenant Mary E. Hyde, to be Captain.
Lieutenant Charles Smith, to be Captain.
Lieutenant Grace Cooper, to be Captain.

THOS. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.



DON'T LET THE HOT WEATHER INTERFERE WITH YOUR SERVICE FOR GOD AND SOULS.

HOT WEATHER RELIGION.

A glance at our cartoon this week will bring vividly before our minds the fact that many people allow themselves to be fanned to sleep by the hot-weather devil during the summer months. Why should this be so? No doubt it is a great tax on one to keep watchful, prayerful and earnest when the thermometer is 75° in the shade, but is not His grace sufficient for us? Our fields are white unto harvest all the year round, and the work of gathering in precious sheaves must be as faithfully carried on in July as in January. We sometimes sing:

"In winter, in summer, in sunshine or rain,

My Saviour's affections are always the same."

Surely His followers should catch something of that spirit, and not allow their compassion for souls to die down to a few smouldering embers, simply because "it's too hot to do anything."

In this connection, the following extract from an article that appeared recently in "Christian Guardian" is well worth consideration. The writer

of hot weather religion ought to be an extremely unselfish and thoughtful thing. In our efforts after recreation and rest during the summer months, we are inclined to drop down into something of the savagery of selfishness if we do not be careful. Inconsiderateness is justified on the ground that we are on our holidays, and presumably may be allowed to lay aside the common obligations of Christian society and neighbourly relations. But it ought not to be necessary for us to turn heathen in order to enjoy a thorough rest. What we seek we would find much more surely if we sought it with much less selfishness and much more thought of others.

Hot-weather religion ought to have more of the sense of obligation than it sometimes does. Religion is a great privilege, but it brings with it corresponding obligations, and sometimes it seems marvellous, even to ourselves, how easily we neglect the promised course of duty.

the year. We do right at times in laying aside some of the burdens and duties of life for a little, but surely we ought never to include in those so laid aside, prayer and worship and a Christian interest in the welfare of those about us. And surely a bad example is just as hurtful and a good example just as useful in August, as in November."

HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR IS DUE.

The following tribute as to the good work done by one of our Officers in connection with the recent fire at Cobalt, appeared in the Renfrew "Journal":—

"Relief of all kinds poured in from every quarter on the people of Cobalt who were left homeless and ruined by the devastating fire of last week. Among the forms of relief, cash contributions were quite noticeable amounting to thousands of dollars. A list of those contributing cash to the relief fund was published in the Saturday issue of the Cobalt 'Nugget,' and the names and amounts in that true 'honour roll' prove mankind, after all abuse to the contrary, has a heart that is touched by distress and that responds in a practical way with generosity and promptness. Among the cash contributions noted was one from Ensign Calvert, of The Salvation Army. It was not, perhaps, as large a contribution as the Ensign would have desired to make, but it was generous according to his means. Ensign Calvert is not rich in this world's goods, but he is rich in charity, in helpfulness, in sympathy and in generous kindness, and his cash will not be his only contribution. His cheerful humour, his sympathetic manner, his ready wit and his ready helping hand, will be a boon and a blessing to all the stricken people that his great energy can reach. Much has been said of the free-hearted rich men who gave so liberally of their hundreds and their thousands, so here is a word of praise for the typical case of the Cobalt Salvation Army Officer, who gave as freely and as heartily of the things that he had."

Headquarters' Notes.

Territorial Headquarters

13th July, 1922.

All will be glad to hear that Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs have arrived safely and in good health at I. H. Q. The despatch which conveyed this intelligence also gave the very cheering information that the Chief of the Staff is much better.

The Chief Secretary and Mrs. Mapp report an excellent week-end at Owen Sound. They are delighted with the position and condition of the Corps. The public are in full sympathy with our work. Owen Sound, as far as The Army is concerned, is in for big things. We are looking forward to Adjutant Banks having a very successful time.

A full report of the Commissioning appears elsewhere. This being the Chief Secretary's first experience in Canada in doing the Commissioning, he was very pleased and delighted with the whole affair.

Captain Rees, daughter of Lieut. Colonel Rees, who is on a long furlough in Newfoundland, reports great improvement in her health, and is looking forward to returning to duty.

Brigadier Collier, according to a report from the Provincial Commander, is hors de combat. He has returned from a tour completely used up. We sympathize with the Brigadier, and hope and pray that he will soon be recovered.

Colonel Mapp and Lieut. Colonel Howell left on Tuesday night for Cobalt to confer with the Mayor and our comrades upon one or two important phases connected with the recent fire. An idea of the service rendered by The Army will be gathered from a communication from Mayor Lang, which appears in another column.

Adjutant Sheard is travelling

to the charge of the Halifax Metropolitan. Our best wishes follow the Adjutant. We shall miss him from Toronto.

Adjutant Sims will take the oversight of the Toronto Metropolitan, in addition to the Salvage.

The Chief Secretary has been doing an inspection of the Salvage, also the Women's Social Institutions in Toronto. He was accompanied by Brigadier Potter, who particularly interested himself in the Financial side. Mrs. Mapp assisted at the Women's Institutions, and Major Phillips, at the Men's.

An inspection of the Toronto Metropolitan will take place, in connection with the farewell of Adjutant Sheard.

Our Social Work in Toronto is rendering excellent service to the poor and needy. God bless our brave Social Officers.

The Field Secretary will conduct the wedding of Captain Carrie Silvers and Ensign Weir, at Belleville, on August 12th.

A CHEERING OUTLOOK.

The week-end meetings at Sherbrooke, were led by the G. B. M. Officer, Captain Mannion. The lantern service drew a good crowd, and many expressed great delight and enjoyment over the illustrated story. Over \$22.00 was realized for the meeting.

The Sherbrooke Corps is going ahead in every branch. The Band is getting a few additions; the Juniors are making great strides, and the Seniors are full of enthusiasm in their desire to win souls. The outlook, under the present leaders, Captain and Mrs. Richardson, is indeed very cheering.—Interested.

Chatham, N. B.—We have had with us Captain Martin and Officer, who conducted the week-end meeting. Their speaking and singing

T. H. Q. VISITORS AT LISGAR ST.

Five Souls.

FOURTH ANNIVERSARY SERVICE.

Picnic season is now on. The Band is doing well. Townspeople very appreciative.—T. N.

SEVEN SOULS AT TEMPLE.

On Sunday afternoon two new Bandmen were welcomed—McNeland and Nicol. They gave excellent testimonies. Ensign Bristow spoke in the night meeting, and Adjutant Sheard soloed. Adjutant Kendall read the lesson and Mrs. Kendall conducted the prayer meeting. Three would kneel at the mercy seat.

A NIGHT TRIP ON LAKE ONTARIO.

The Salvationists of Toronto recently enjoyed a pleasant two hours' cruise on Lake Ontario in the steamship "Turbidula." The trip was arranged by Brigadier Taylor, the Provincial Officer, and about five hundred people availed themselves of this opportunity of spending a short time on the water under the auspices of The Army. Several of the City Bands were on board, and a good programme of music was rendered.

**MUSICAL VISITORS AT EAST
TORONTO.**

The Band rendered splendid service at all meetings. At night one soul sought pardon.

AT OWEN SOUND.

the Training College.

Music Competition.

**Open to Musical Salvationists Throughout
the World.**

Our Bandsmen and other musical comrades throughout the world, will be interested to know that, in accordance with the announcement made last year, the Chief of the Staff has approved a Competition for Band Selections to be held during the current year.

As on previous occasions, the Musical Board at International Headquarters will adjudicate on the selections sent in, and cash prizes, accompanied by Certificates of Merit.

will be awarded as follows:—
First Prize, £3.3.0.
Second Prize, £1.1.6

A Certificate of Merit will be given to the competitor taking the third place. There will be no competition this year for either Marches or Vocals.

The Competition will be open to Salvationists of all ranks in every land, excepting persons who are employed by The Army in composing editing or printing music.

The selections submitted must be received in London between September 1st and 15th. Full particulars, together with conditions and Form of entry, may be obtained from the Secretary, Musical Board, 101 Queen Victoria Street, London, E. C.

Intending competitors are urged to make immediate application, so that they may understand exactly what the conditions of the Competition are before they commence their work.

**Large Crowds Attend Tent Meetings
in Spite of Bad Weather—Wel-
come By Mayor and Aldermen
—18 Came Forward.**

The week-end meetings at Owen Sound were conducted by Colonel and Mrs. Mapp, assisted by Major and Mrs. Hay. The weather was very unfavourable, but that did not prevent the people from attending the meetings, and both on Sunday afternoon and at night the tent was filled to its utmost capacity.

On Sunday morning a large number attended the holiness meeting and were much blessed by the Colonel's heart-searching talk concerning the conquering of difficulties. Seven young men came forward to consecrate themselves to God's service.

The afternoon meeting took the form of a civic reception, Alderman Little being in the chair, and Mayor Harrison and Alderman Christie supporting him.

These gentlemen all spoke in the highest terms of the work of The Salvation Army and heartily welcomed Colonel and Mrs. Mapp to their town. The Chief Secretary replied suitably.

The night meeting was a powerful and impressive one. As it was the last Sunday, that the Officers then in charge would spend at the Corps, Captain Doherty spoke a few words of farewell on behalf of himself and Captain Lang, who, unfortunately was unable to be present, owing to sickness.

Sister Mrs. Ransom, whose husband was prominent in the church last week, also spoke, making reference to the godly life and triumphant death of her husband.

Colonel Mapp then gave a stirring and inspiring address, and conviction seized hold of the sinners present. Before the close of the prayer meeting, we had the joy of seeing eleven souls kneeling at the mercy seat.

The financial results were excellent being more than double the ordinary

Forty New Officers Commissioned.

(Continued from page 2.)

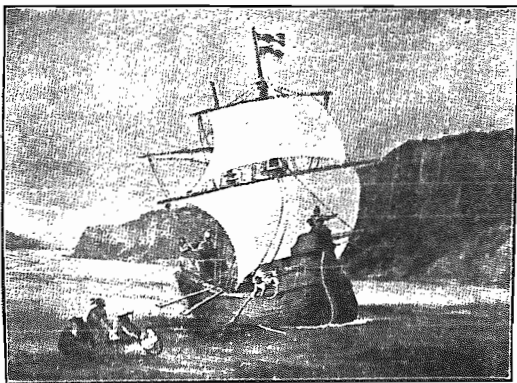
strong." "If I could give you all the riches in the world," he said, "that would not help you in your work apart from God; but if you will earn out the counsel contained in the verse, you will succeed. If you are prepared to do that, stand."

The Cadets rose in a body, willing candidates for whatever service the Lord required of them. As they stood Co'onel Taylor prayed that Divine power might come upon them.

Then, one by one, they were promoted to probationary Captains and Lieutenants, and informed as to their destinations. After all had been commissioned, the Flax was brought, and with raised hands, the new Officers sang feelingly, "Thou knowest Thine, of life the giver." The Mrs. Colonel Mapp, in a fervent prayer, committed them to the care of God, and looking forward to the great day when all shall appear before the Throne, earnestly desiring that each one should be able to say, "God, 'Here am I, and the work Thou hast given me.'"

Discovery of New York.

How Hudson and Champlain Pioneered the Way for the Settlers in the New World.



The Discovery of the Hudson River.

Henry Hudson, in the "Half-Moon," sailing past the Palisades.

IN the year 1609, Henry Hudson sailed from Amsterdam in search of the North-West passage. He had two ships under his command—the "Good Hope" and the "Half-Moon." When he started, nothing was further from his purpose than to explore the coast of North America. He sailed to Nova Scotia, intending to force King Strait; but the crew of the "Good Hope" rebelled against further sufferings in these icy seas. Hudson promptly sent them to their vessel back to Holland; and he, in the "Half-Moon," steered boldly across the Atlantic and first sighted land off Nova Scotia.

The "Half-Moon" was a paltry little ship to encounter the freezing Arctic and the rough Atlantic. Its entire crew consisted of twenty men. It had a bluff and lofty bow, against which the waves dashed remorselessly. It was little better than the caravels in which Columbus had made his memorable voyage more than a hundred years before. That Henry Hudson could sail it in the teeth of tempests such as try the strength of modern ocean monsters, must be taken as a proof of his seamanship and the stoutness of his heart.

Hudson Sails into New York Bay.

From Nova Scotia, Hudson sailed south; for it occurred to him that perhaps somewhere, in what he now perceived to be a continent, there might be an open waterway through which he could pass to the Pacific. He passed the ship, curiously into Penobscot Bay. Farther south, he passed Cape Cod, Nantucket, and Martha's Vineyard, and later still, the entrance of the Chesapeake Bay, of which Robert Jewett wrote in his journal:

"This is the entrance into the King's River (the James River), in Virginia, where our Englishmen are."

Hudson knew that this water had been explored; so he returned northward, and entered Delaware Bay, which likewise was obviously not a passage to the Orient. So, continuing carefully, on the 2nd of September he saw the Highlands of Navesink, and the "Half-Moon" moved slowly into the lower waters of New York Bay. Jewett records:

"At three of the clock in the afternoon, we came to three great rivers. So we stood along to the northernmost, thinking to have gone into it; but we found it to have a very shoal bar before it."

He Meets the Natives.

On the next morning Hudson discovered that before him lay an admirable harbour, into which he ran his ship, and anchored at two cables

length from the shore in what is now the bay off Sandy Hook. Though the "Half-Moon" would seem to us only a petty craft, to the Indians who came paddling out to meet her in their frail birch canoes, she was a veritable boyabing. Her sails reached themselves. Mad was the air, and the wind, white sail, like a bird's wing, spread itself out after a fashion which aroused their wonder. Some of them climbed upon the deck, bringing green tobacco, which they offered in exchange for knives and beads. They had copper pipes, and wore copper ornaments over their deer skins, and they were very friendly.

Hudson kept his ship at anchor for a while, but allowed his men to go out in the small boats, and explore the coast, and to east lines for fish. For in Jewett's words, "there were many salmon and mullets and rays very great." A persistent tradition has it that some of the Dutch sailors landed on what is now Coney Island, where they found a forest of plum-trees laden with fruit and twined about with grapevines.

Hudson Discovers His River.

On the 11th of September, Hudson passed through the Narrows and anchored in the Upper Bay. Here he saw what he called the "Great North River of New Netherlands," and curiously enough, though it now bears Hudson's name, New Yorkers still describe it colloquially as "the North River." So broad and splendid did it seem to him, that he thought it might be the waterway that would ultimately lead him westward to China and the "Isles of Spice." So he hoisted his sail and beat leisurely up the stream, passing the island which was soon afterward to be called Manhattan. It was then a grassy strip of land, wooded

in parts, and partly occupied by the long, funnel-shaped wigwags of the Indians who dwelt there.

Hudson's hopes were raised still higher when the river broadened into the Tappan Zee; but as he went farther north, he saw that after all, this splendid stream was but a river. Probably at what is now Albany, he turned his prow once more southward, and, after a month of careful exploration, he passed out into the open sea.

It was thus that Henry Hudson gave his name to one of the noblest and most beautiful rivers in the world; and in a true sense of the word, he may be called its real discoverer. Not long afterwards the Dutch began to settle along its banks.

The Founding of Manhattan.

The island of Manhattan was purchased in 1624 by Peter Minuit, the director of the Dutch Colonies, who gave the Indians twenty-four dollars' worth of beads for twenty-two thousand acres of land. He built a fort on what is now the Battery, and named the new settlement New Amsterdam. The town grew very slowly. Yet in 1653 there were only eight hundred people in New Amsterdam; but in that year a book written by Joest Hargreaves excited much interest in Europe as to the colony; and in 1654 emigration had raised the number of inhabitants to fifteen hundred. Yet all through the colonial period, New York was inferior in size to Boston and to Philadelphia; and even in 1790 it had only thirty thousand people.

Champlain's Discoveries.

It is interesting to recall another venturesome expedition, which gives a Frenchman the right to share with Hudson the claim to the discovery of the Empire State. Almost at the time when the "Half-Moon" was last drifting on the river, not far from Albany, a French explorer was not very many miles away, sailing up the lower reaches of a lake which no white man had hitherto explored. This venturesome voyageur was the Frenchman, Samuel de Champlain.

In 1606 he was seized with a great desire for exploration, and, with a band of several hundred Indians, set out for the south.

In time they came to the Champlain Rapids, through which their little boats found it impossible to pass. Champlain, however, was not to be turned back. He had heard of a magnificent lake farther south, filled with green islands and surrounded by a lovely country. So he picked out sixty of his Indians and made them carry his canoes around the rapids. Then they paddled for ten miles up the river, and on the next day they reached the beginning of the great lake which has borne the name of Champlain since that day. Over its waters they paddled, viewing the noble panorama of the Green Mountains on one shore and the Adirondacks on the other, until they reached the point which afterward received the name of Ticonderoga, and around which there cluster so many historic memories.

It was in commemoration of these events that the City of New York, and the State as well, together with the government of Canada, united

this year in two great pageants—one to mark the landing of Henry Hudson on Manhattan Island, the other to celebrate the opening of Lake Champlain by the father of New France. To the festivities in New York Harbour, the Queen of Holland will send a vessel which is an exact replica of the "Half-Moon." Just as in 1585 the Queen Regent of Spain sent to the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, three caravels to represent the "Santa Maria," the "Pinta," and the "Pinot," in which Columbus made his memorable voyage.

Promoted to Glory.

SISTER JEAN BATTICE, OF PETROLEA.

"Jesus is precious, is precious, He's the Lily of the Valley to my soul."

would be a fitting epitaph to place on the tombstone of our comrade, Jean E. Battice, who passed away triumphantly at her aunt's house in Sarnia, on Sunday, June 13th.

Our Sister had gone there in the hope of regaining her health, but two weeks afterwards hemorrhage set in, which resulted in her death. Our comrade, in her childhood days was a faithful attendant at The Army Company meetings, and when old enough, taught a class for some time. She was enlisted as a Soldier four years ago, by the name of E. Sims.

Four weeks previous to her death she had a vision of her sainted mother, and was led to again consecrate herself afresh to God for life or death. During her last few days she talked much to her father, who is a Soldier. Once she said, "Father, I am losing nothing, but gaining everything." And on the last day, she said, "O Father, tell everybody that Jesus is precious, and to her brother, one half hour before she died, "Be a good boy, and meet me in heaven; Jesus and mother are at the gate."

We gave our Sister an Army funeral on Tuesday, which was attended by numerous comrades and friends. The following Sunday a memorial service was held in the Citadel—Adjutant H. C. Banks.

BROTHER F. G. CATERMOLE, OF KINGSTON.

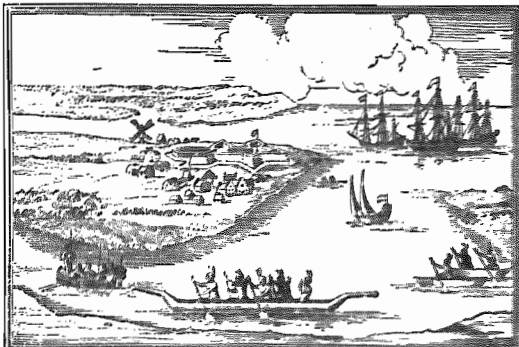
It is with a great deal of sorrow that we have to report the sad death of our dear Brother Frederick George Catermole, of Kingston, the best of health and spirits, with his dear wife and the children. He attended our Young People's picnic on Dominion Day, at Staley's Grove. The day was beautiful, and everything went well; all through the day there was nothing to mar the pleasure of it all, when about 6.30 p. m. the cry rang along the line "Someone is drowning." We hurried to the spot as quickly as possible, and in a very few minutes two of the Bandmen were in the water searching for the body. Brother Frank Pollitt took the lead as diver, and Bandman Wilkinson, who stood next him to render any assistance possible. The second dive brought our brother's remains to the surface. We quickly took the body to the bank and did everything that was possible, but the vital spark had departed; his spirit had fled.

We carried the body in a sheet to the boat. It was a solemn sight to see all the Soldiers and friends form a line on either side of the procession. We laid the body in the bow of the vessel and formed a guard of honour around it.

The funeral took place on Saturday at 2 o'clock, and was largely attended. It was a sorrowful sight as the large crowd fell in line and marched up the street to the strains of the "Dead March in Saul." Many hearts were deeply moved.

On Sunday next, our Captain Bloom (who was at the Corps on his Quarterly Inspection) conducted the service, and sixteen precious souls sought the Saviour.

Our deepest and most sincere sympathies are with our dear Mrs. Catermole and her children—Adjutant Parsons.



New York in 1624.—The Dutch Settlement on Manhattan Island, Which Has Become the Metropolis of the Western World.

OUR INTERNATIONAL NEWS LETTER.

INTERNATIONAL HEAD-QUARTERS.

The Field Officers' Councils, conducted by The General, have been seasons of great blessing to the thousands of Officers who have been privileged to attend. The last one of the series will be held in London next week. It will be attended by a number of Officers from Foreign parts, as well as the party of American Staff Officers at present in the Staff College. We are pleased to be able to say The General continues to enjoy good health. Notwithstanding his heavy programme, he is wonderfully sustained, and speaks with all his old time vigour and power.

We are more than pleased to be able to say the health of the Chief of the Staff continues to improve. On Friday the Chief had important interviews with Commissioners Rees and Hay, also with Lieut. Colonel Govnars, who, together with Mrs. Govnars and family, will shortly be sailing to take the command of our work in Java.

The Foreign Secretary, accompanied by Lieut. Colonel Hoe, left for Stockholm on Tuesday, to conduct the Annual Congress. This year the event—always a great function in Sweden—will be vested with unusual importance through the induction of the new T. C.—Commissioner McKie. The Commissioner and Mrs. McKie proceeded overland to Stockholm from Genoa.

Commissioner Higgins has returned to London from Copenhagen, where, together with Mrs. Higgins, he has conducted a splendid Congress. At its close Colonel and Mrs. Povlsen telegraphed The General: "250 Danish Officers gathered at glorious Congress, greet their beloved General, and thank you for inspiring message. Praising God for past victories, we mean to fight, conquer difficulties, glorify God, and save souls."

HOLLAND.

Field Day.—The Dutch Field Day was conducted this year by Commis-

sioners Ralston and Ridsdel. One important feature in the programme was the farewell of Lieut. Colonel Govnars for the Dutch East Indies. The following message addressed to The General, indicates briefly a successful day at Waterland: "5,000 Dutch Officers, Soldiers and friends assembled at Waterland, thank The General for his valued message. We are determined to fight harder than ever, both in Holland and the Dutch Indies, to attain The General's great programme—The World For God."

The Queen mother visited the town of Groningen, on June 30th. In connection with the festivities, a gentleman who does not wish his name to be made known, remitted to the Slum Officers, the substantial sum of 900 gulden (£75) in order that four hundred baskets of food might be distributed among the poor of the town on that day.

UNITED STATES.

The Salvation Army has lost a staunch friend by the death of the Rev. Dr. Hale. He was for many years the Chaplain of the United States Senate, and became a reliable friend of The Army at a crisis of our history, when liberty for open-air work in Boston was in great jeopardy. At this time he took his stand and championed our cause, marching at the head of our processions, and it is very largely through his influence that we enjoy our open-air privileges in New England to-day. Dr. Hale was a member of the Committee associated with our People's Palace at Boston. Colonel Gifford, at the request of Dr. Hale's friends, represented The Army at the funeral, at which many leading men were present.

The Officers stationed at Middletown, Connecticut, has secured the loan of fifty motor cars from leading gentlemen in the community, for the purpose of taking a number of children for a day's outing in the country. He has been successful in securing prominent gentlemen to address the children, whilst a Committee will be responsible for managing entertain-

ments and games. Prominent lady friends are providing substantial refreshments for the whole party.

A lady has donated to The Army, a beautiful house fronting the sea at Long Branch. It will provide accommodation for fifty poor mothers and children from the New York slums, who will be taken there in parties to stay a week or two. No doubt it will be the most wonderful and the happiest holiday that our guests from the tenement districts will have ever experienced.

Our Officers made an appeal in the Press for a Summer Home to be provided for the twenty-six tiny children at present in our Day Nursery at Pittsburg. The appeal was responded to by a gentleman who has placed a beautiful house at our disposal. It stands in its own grounds, with a lovely grove of trees at the back. Various gentlemen of the City of Pittsburg, lent their motor cars to take the children down. The happy little ones were delirious with joy at the prospect of a ride in a real motor car with flags flying, and it was amidst shrieks of delight that the party left for a happy summer in the country. A physician has volunteered his services free for the season, and all the milk required will be donated.

The Philadelphia Day Nursery has just been removed to a much better house, which will accommodate fifty instead of twenty-five children. A church pastor and leading members of his congregation who have been deeply interested in our Nursery work for some time past, are furnishing the rooms which will be used for the children, such as the play-room, dormitory, dining-room, etc.

NORWAY.

Field Day At Hamar.—Brigadier Gunderson recently conducted a successful Field Day for seven Corps of the Oplandske Division, in a beautiful park at Hammar. Five steamers laden with Salvationists arrived, from as many different Corps, and there was also a body of Military soldiers who had been granted

special leave for the occasion. Over two thousand people entered the park, and three excellent meetings were held. The meeting was a real salvation attack, and ten souls knelt in the open-air and sought salvation.

ITALY.

One of the leading Italian newspapers—"Giornale D'Italia"—gives the following paragraph, regarding the recent earthquake:—

"One of the Relief Committees which distinguished itself for its beneficent work in the districts afflicted by the recent calamity, is the Bruius one of The Salvation Army, directed by Commissioner Ulysee Corandey and Mr. Edward Biglia, the English Vice-Consul at Gioia Tauro.

"This Committee, which belongs to a strong International organisation of Benevolence, in a truly praiseworthy manner and with prudent judgment to relieve real misfortunes, has distributed innumerable blankets, and given away quantities of clothing, as well as money, in about forty-two Communes of our Province.

"The work, however, was not free from serious difficulties, the members of the party having had to cross mountains covered with snow, and rivers rendered dangerous through abundant rains, on foot or on mule-back, to carry help to distant villages hidden in the mountains on the Eastern slope, where the need was the greatest."

A Critic Defeated.

Belief in the Whole Bible.

A Salvation Army lassie was once travelling in a train. In the compartment was a would-be learned critic, who thought he would entertain the rest of the passengers at the lassie's expense. Turning to her he said, "Do you actually believe that old story of Jonah and the whale?"

"Yes, sir, I do," said the lassie. "Don't you know that it is quite impossible for a whale to swallow a man? It has been proved long ago that a whale's throat is too small for such a feat."

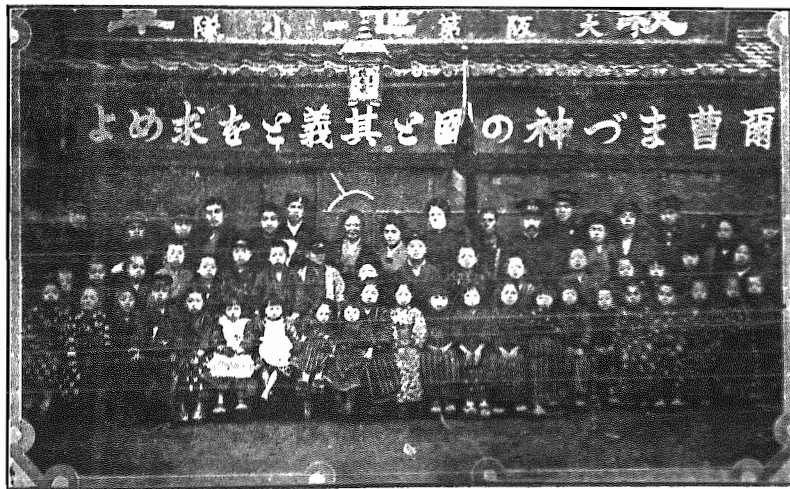
"Well," said the lassie, "It doesn't trouble me much, and when I got to heaven I'll ask Jonah about it."

"But, supposing he's not there," suggested the critic.

"Why, then, you can ask him," answered the lassie, and there was a general laugh at the discomfiture of the critic.

Let us believe in the entire authenticity of the Scriptures, in the certain knowledge that the final testimony of the scholarship as well as the ignorance of this world will be given to the divinity of Jesus Christ and the truth of the Bible in that day when human knowledge shall have become final, when we shall know even as also we are known, and every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.—American Cry.

Namaimo.—On Friday, July 2nd, a tobacconist surrendered tobacco at the merry seat, and sought God. On Sunday night a few found salvation.



Some Soldiers of a Typical Japanese Corps.

Group of Senior and Junior Salvationists of Osaka I. Corps, where an excellent work is in progress and special meetings are held amongst the factory workers, some of whom have been won for Christ.

OUR
SERIAL
STORYPOGASELSKY THE JEW
And How He Found the Messiah.

A Fascinating Story of Jewish Life, and Travel and Adventure in Many Lands.

DON'T
FAIL
TO READ
THIS
CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXII.

TWO FOOLS AND THEIR MONEY.

It was with a very heavy heart that Herman prepared to accompany the gendarmes ashore. He had hoped to get across the Atlantic in this vessel, and to soon see Greta once again, but now his hopes were dashed to the ground, and he appeared doomed to stay in Germany for many years to come. Just at this juncture, however, an unexpected friend came to the rescue.

"Hello, there what has that man done?" called out the captain of the ship, as he saw the gendarmes marching him off.

"He has no papers to show," said the chief gendarme, "and so he must go back and do his military training before he can go to sea."

"Pooh, pooh!" exclaimed the captain; "I'll soon fix that," and he slipped a few silver coins into the gendarme's hand, with the result that this official began to waver as to his duty.

"Look here," he said to Herman, "have you done your military training?"

"Yes, sir," said Herman, as ready as he is ever if it served his purpose.

"Well, take your word for it," said the gendarme, "you can go to sea, now."

So that is how Herman got free after all.

As the ship sailed out of Danzig harbour and he stood on the deck watching the receding shore, he was fully resolved that no one would find him in Germany any more, save, now for America! He thought, and all that day he cheerfully whistled and sang, as he went about his work, until his high spirits became infectious and the whole crew became jolly and lighthearted.

On through the Baltic sailed Herman's new vessel, each day bringing him nearer to the land he longed to see. Soon Copenhagen was reached, and after a short stay there, on they went again, through the Cattegat and the Skagerrak, Devent into the North Sea. In due time the ship reached Cardiff, where, much to Herman's surprise, the whole crew was paid off, the captain having received instructions to ship an English crew before proceeding to Nova Scotia.

Here was another disappointment, but Herman was by no means dumfounded, and at once set about getting another ship. Recollecting the experiences that had befallen him in that port some two years previously, he was careful to avoid all those men who were on the lookout to shanghai sailors, for he did not want to get shipped off to some distant part of the earth again. He made his own bargains this time, therefore, and soon obtained a berth on board a vessel bound for Dublin. He planned to get paid off at that port, and then obtain a vessel for America.

Before long, therefore, he set foot on the Emerald Isle for the first and only time in his life, and met with adventures which still linger vividly in his memory. On board the ship was a German sailor, with whom he had got friendly, and so what was more natural than that, they should go for a walk together one morning. Not caring much for the country, but attracted by the sight of a pretty girl, he walked a mile. A friendly Irishman met them, and asked if he was in their company. They were



"Dot vos look easy," said Hans.

on together, the Irishman chatting away at a rapid rate and quite fascinating the two sailors. Before long they came to a turning.

"Come along down this country lane, boys," said the Irishman, "and you'll see the loveliest bit of scenery you ever saw in all your lives."

So they turned down the lane, but the scenery did not appear extra lovely to Herman. In the distance, however, they saw a group of men sitting by the roadside, evidently much excited over some thing.

"What's the matter down there?" said Herman.

"Shure, the boys are just enjoying a folie game of cards," said the Irishman, "let's go and see the fun." Herman began to get a bit suspicious, but Hans, his companion, was anxious to see what the men were playing, and so they all went to the spot and stood looking on.

Now, Hans had never seen the three-card trick played before, and so he opened his blue eyes in wonder as he saw player after player pick out the right card and receive double the amount he had staked. Of course, he did not know that it was all faked up especially for his benefit.

"Ach, dot was look easy," he said. "Now you see Hans make big fortune in one small minute."

"Don't be foolish, Hans," whispered Herman, "they will cheat you." "I'll take a clever man to cheat me," replied Hans indignantly, "I am no fool."

He then pulled out all the money he possessed and staked it all one of the cards, confident that he would receive double the amount back for his smart Irish friend had shown him a trick worth knowing, and had, slightly bent the edge of the card, so that it was not possible to make a mistake. Hans did not know, however, that the dealer was up to a more subtle trick than that, and had already bent the corner of another card, which he kept up his sleeve, ready to substitute for the other at the right moment. When Hans made his choice, therefore, and the wrong card turned up, he could do nothing for some minutes but stare stupidly at the gang of rascals. Then, when he realised that he had lost all his money, he began to sob like a baby.

"Ah, no, it's too bad," said their Irish friend, "the luck was entirely against you that time, but never despair; now, perhaps the other gentleman may like to stake some thing, and shure the luck may turn this time."

"Ah, no," said Herman, "My money is safe in my own pocket. Ah, but you can't fool me." But he boasted too soon, as we shall see. He and Hans went on their way.

of Dublin, they met two smart-looking Irish lasses, and in some way or another managed to get into conversation with them. Before long, Hans was marching off in one direction with one of the girls and Herman was going in the opposite direction with the other. What befel Hans, we cannot say, but poor Herman found out to his cost, that it is not a good plan to trust to strangers, for, in spite of his boasting, he soon found himself in the same condition as his friend Hans— penniless. How it happened was as follows: He had not gone far with the Irish lass before he suddenly discovered that he was very thirsty, and suggested that they should seek some place where they could obtain something to drink. She agreed, and taking him to a house nearby, said that if he would give her the money she would go and fetch some beer. Now, all the money Herman possessed was a bright half-sovereign, and this he gave to the girl, telling her to bring back the change. Five ten fifteen minutes passed, and she did not return. Herman began to get impatient. At the end of half an hour he could stand it no longer, and so set forth in search of her. He had no sooner got into the passage however, when he found himself confronted with a big Irish woman.

"And phwat is the loikes of you doing in my house?" she exclaimed. "I sent a girl for some beer half an hour ago, and she has not come back yet," said Herman, "have you seen anything of her?"

"Faix, ye onadhaun," said the frate dame, "do ye think I allow folks to sit in my house and drink beer? Git out of here quick, or I'll send for a bobby."

Herman commenced to argue with her, whereupon several Irishmen came out to see what was the matter, and he barely escaped with a whole skin.

Then he wented his way back to the ship, to lament with Hans over the loss of their hard-earned money.

A few days later, Herman happened to be walking down a street in Dublin, when he came face to face with the girl who had robbed him.

"Ah so I meet you again, do ye?" he said, "where is my money, and where is my beer?"

"The woman who owns the house took the money from me and bit me," said the girl, beginning to cry.

"I do not believe you," said Herman, "give me back my half-sovereign, or I will put this knife into your heart." So saying, he clutched her by the throat and brandishing a big knife, he intended to carry out his threat, if she did not give him the money.

vented just in time from doing such an evil deed, for a policeman caught his surprised arm and held it fast.

"Steady there, my man," said the policeman, "What do you think you are going to do, eh?"

"She robbed me," said Herman, beside himself with passion.

"Now, you just get back to your ship," said the policeman, "and don't dare to molest the girl again or I will arrest you."

Realising the seriousness of the situation, and glad of a chance to get off so lightly, Herman made haste to escape from the spot. Next day he was on board a ship bound for Liverpool. Upon reaching this port he found that a ship was about to sail for Mexico, and thinking that if he got to that country he could soon reach New York he shipped on her. The night before she sailed, however, he got into a disgraceful fracas in a low public house, and got so badly knocked about that he was unable to do anything for several days. So the ship sailed without him. But worse than that happened, for, in order to get money to go on a job, he was obliged to sell the coat, but no such thought appears to have come to Herman. Perhaps even then he had some faint hope that better days would dawn, but at that time his life was nothing but a loveless, cheerless, miserable existence. This chapter of his life is undoubtedly, one of the darkest, and it may seem rather sordid and unedifying, but it is a plain, unvarnished account of an ordinary sailor's life, before conversion, and serves to show the contrast between what he was and what he now is by the grace of God.

But we must now continue our narrative. His ship having gone, Herman had to devise other plans for eking out a livelihood, and so he thought he would try going on tramp again. He found some chums of like mind, and so they set out for a tramp through Wales. As it was in the middle of winter, however, they did not find it exactly a picnic, especially when travelling over the mountains. In course of time they arrived at Swansea, where Herman was glad to get on board a ship again. This time it was a Swedish vessel—the St. Eric—bound for Messina, with a load of coal.

Herman now had to tackle a new language, but in the course of a few weeks he was able to converse fairly well with the crew. By the time the voyage was ended he could speak Swedish equally as well as German and English. At Messina a cargo of pumice stone, oranges, nuts, wine, and sweet oil, was taken aboard, and then the "St. Eric" set sail for Stockholm. It was just about this time that the Spirit of God began to strive mightily with this poor sailor, and he had many wonderful visions. But we must reserve them till the next chapter.

(To be continued.)

Hamilton, Bermuda.—Since the arrival of Captain Parker, from Southampton, a number of men have come to God. The meetings have been well attended notwithstanding the hot weather.

We have welcomed a Sister from the West Indies.

The Corps extends to Mrs. Adjutant Cameron, its deepest sympathy in her recent bereavement of her

Nothing Succeeds Like Success

We Were Never in a Better Position to Take
Care of Our Patrons Wants and Wishes.

Tailoring Opportunities.

A Suit Well Worth \$14.50 for \$12.80.

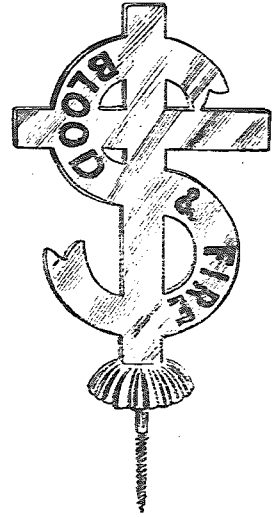
Pants Well Worth \$4.75 for \$3.80.

WHY THIS REDUCTION ?

By taking advantage of a combination of circumstances, we are in a position to give these prices, which are without doubt an opportunity of a life time.

THE GOODS ARE OUR OWN IMPORTATION, FAST DYE AND RELIABLE. OUR WORKMANSHIP CANNOT BE BEAT.

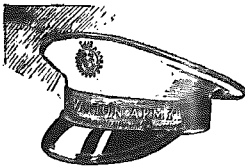
Samples and Measurement Forms on Application.



New Flag Pole Heads

Beautifully finished and polished. In Solid brass, with the words, "Blood and Fire" in red letters. Height 7½ inches. Price, \$1.75 each, net. Silver Plated, price \$2.50 each, net.

A NEW CONSIGNMENT OF SUMMER HATS and CAPS



Men's Summer Cap.



Ladies' Summer Hat.



Bandsman's Cap.

Ladies' Summer Hats, Split Straw, trimmed dark blue silk, sizes 4, 5 and 6..... \$1 75

Ladies' Summer Hats, Chip Straw, trimmed dark blue, roll of silk under brim, sizes 4, 5 and 6..... \$2 75

Ladies' Summer Hats, Canton Straw, trimmed dark blue, roll of silk under brim, sizes 4, 5 and 6..... \$4 00

Men's Summer Caps, White Duck, lined, red silk band and crest..... \$1 25

Privates' Regulation Cap, red silk band and crest. \$2 00

Bandsmen's Regulation Cap, red silk band, crest. \$2 25

F. O.'s Regulation Cap, red silk band and crest.. \$2 25

A Full Line of DRESS GOODS Just to Hand.

Dark Navy Blue Cashmere, 44 in. wide, per yd.. \$0 85

Dark Navy Blue Serge, 48 in. wide, per yd..... \$1 00

Dark Navy Blue Lustre, 46 in. wide, per yd..... \$1 00

Dark Navy Blue Cravenette, 60 inches wide, per yd..... \$1 40

Red Cashmere, 44 in. wide, per yd. \$0 85

Samples on Application.

The Trade Secretary, 18 Albert Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Salvation Songs

Holiness.

Tunes.—Congress 28; C and Eb; Conference 27; Song Book No. 378.

1 What is Salvation's glorious hope
But inward holiness?
For this to Jesus I look up,
I calmly wait for this,
I wait till He shall touch me clean,
Shall life and power impart,
Give me the faith that casts out sin,
And purifies the heart.

Be it according to Thy word,
Redeem me from all sin;
My heart would now receive Thee,
Lord,
Come in, my Lord, come in!

Tune—I hear Thy welcome voice, B.
B. 169.

2 I hear Thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to Thee;
For cleansing in Thy precious blood,
That flowed on Calvary.

Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure,
Thou dost by vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

And He that witness gives
To loyal hearts and free;
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

Free and Easy.

Tunes.—Ten thousand thousand
souls; 60; Oh, the Lamb, 55;
Song Book, No. 75.

3 Ten thousand thousand souls
there are
Entered within the door;
These countless souls are gathered
in,
And yet there's room for more.

Chorus.

Then come, Oh, come, and go with
me.

Room for the lame, the halt, the
blind.

Sinner there's room for thee,
'Twas Christ made room for such
poor souls,
By dying on the tree.

Room for the chief of sinners still,
Though plagued with unbelief;
That precious Christ can save thy
soul,
Who saved the dying thief.

Tunes.—Hallelujah to the Lamb 34;
Eb and G; Congreg. 28 C and D.

Come, let us join our cheerful
songs
With angels round the Throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their
tongues,
But all their joys are one.

Chorus.

Hallelujah to the Lamb!

Worthy the Lamb that died," they
cry.

"To be exalted thus!"

Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
"For He was slain for us!"

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

Salvation.

Tunes.—Better world, 123; Tucker,
125.

5 There is a better world, they say,
Oh, so bright!
Where sin and woe are done
away,

Oh, so bright!
And music fill the balmy air,
And angels with bright wings are
there,
And harps of gold and mansions fair,
Oh, so bright!

And though we're sinners every one,
Jesus died!

And though our crown of peace is
given,

Jesus died!
We may be cleansed from every
stain,
We may be crowned with bliss again,
And in that land of glory reign,
Jesus died!

Tunes.—My Jesus, I love Thee, B. B.,
185; Oh, turn ye (Adeste fideles)
B. B., 199.

6 Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye,
For why will ye die,
When God in great mercy
is drawing so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you
The Spirit says "Come!"
And angels are waiting
To welcome you home.

How vain the delusion
That while you delay
Your heart may grow better
By staying away!
Come wretched, come starving,
Come just as you be,
While streams of salvation
Are flowing so free.

MISSING.

To Parents, Relations and Friends

We will search for missing persons in every part of the globe
referring to as far as possible, and will report to the
children, or anyone in difficulty. A Address Communication
to the Editor of The War Cry, and will be published in the
next issue. One dollar should be sent, if possible, to defray
expenses. In case a reproduction of photo is desired, to be
inserted with the advertisement, an extra charge of two dollars
is made, which amount must be sent with the photo. Officers,
soldiers, and friends are requested to look regularly through
this column, and notify the Editor if they are able to give
any information about persons advertised for.

First Insertion.

7244. CAMPLIN, ALBERT. Age
26; single; height 5 ft. 10 in.; light
hair; blue eyes; fresh complexion;
has a slight squint when excited;
was a farmer in Wales, but never
settled down, and is supposed to be
on a farm in He has been missing
for eight years and was a
steady, thrifty man. News wanted.

7261. RADWAY, ALFRED. Age
27; height 5 ft. 4 or 5 in.; black
hair and eyes; dark complexion.
Supposed to have been arrested in
Montreal. He was a brakeman on
the C.T.R. Mother anxious. Has
wife and two children.

7053. MITCHELL, JAMES, CHAS.
MANN. Married man with family;
age 60; height 5 ft. 10 in.; dark hair
and gray eyes; was clerk to a lumber
merchant. Last known address was
Caroline Street, South, Hamilton,
Ontario. Missing for twenty years.
Mother seeking for him.

6967. HEAD, GEORGE BENJAMIN.
Left England for Canada, May 1st,
1908. Has not been heard of since.
Married; age 25; height 5 ft. 4 in.;
blue eyes; fair hair and complexion;
labourer in brickyard in Canada.
Thought to be staying with an uncle (Hog-
den) living somewhere in West Tor-
onto.

7250. CLARK, EDWARD. Was
sent out to Canada to farm six years
ago from Dartford Catholic Industrial
School. He left the farm and has not
been heard of since. He would now
be twenty years of age. Mother
anxious.

7349. COCKING, GEORGE. Came
to Canada about fifty years ago with
a man named "Jerome Petty" or
"Felix Jerome." His last known
address was Yorkville, Canada.
He is supposed to be staying with an
uncle (Hogden) living somewhere in West Tor-
onto.

7248. ECCLES, HENRY SANDER-
SON. Left his wife in 1906, with
four children, to provide for them-
selves. It is supposed that he came
to Canada and was working for a
large Engineering firm, but no ad-
dress was given. Age 33; height
5 ft. 10 in.; blue eyes; fair hair and
complexion. Ship's fitter. News
wanted.

7247. BASKETT, CHAS. HENRY
BRIDLE. (Bridle) Came to Canada
in 1906, and last wrote to his wife
in April, 1907; his address then being
Sault Ste. Marie, Point Marmise,
Bennett's Camp, Ontario. Age 21;
height 5 ft. 10 in.; brown hair and
eyes; fair complexion. Carpenter.

7246. BATSON, HARRY AND NE-
LIE PAYNE. These two persons
disappeared from Lowestoft, on May
20th, 1909, and it is thought came to

Canada. Batson is a married man
and the girl was single. Their de-
scription is as follows:—Batson,
age 35; medium height; dark
brown hair;
gray eyes; fair
complexion;
too marks on
arm. Nellie
Payne: age 21;
medium height;
dark brown hair
and eyes; fresh
complexion. News
wanted.



7383. DUNCAN,
HENRY. Irish.
Age 34; height
5 ft. 8 in.; gray
eyes; fair complexion; single. Missing
five years. Last known address
being R. Fortage (Kenora) Ont.
Was an engineer on C.P.R. May
have gone to B. C. or U. S. A. A
brother in Toronto anxious for news.
(See photo graph.)

Second Insertion.

7277. RELEASIS, MONTA I. T.
JOHN MEAD. (Bellaria). Age 59-
60; medium height; light hair, light
brown eyes; sallow complexion;
English journalist. Last known ad-
dress was General Post Office, Van-
couver, B. C. News wanted. Miss-
ing five years.

7255. CAMPBELL, JAMES, and
SONS. Age 78; blue eyes; medium
height; Scotch; tall by trade. It
is about 42 years since he was last
seen at Inverness Bay, Halifax. He
is probably dead but he had child-
ren who are required for by cons'na.

7214. TRAINER, JAMES. Age 21;
height 5 ft. 6 in.; black hair; dark
brown eyes and pale complexion.
Last known address was Brandon,
Man., and has not been heard of
since last July. He also wrote from
Saskatoon railway station, C. P. R.
Valhalla, North Dakota, U.S.A., in
1907, and in March, 1908, from Grand
Fork, B. C. Mother, who is greatly
distressed by his disappearance, has
heard that he died in some small
hospital, from frostbite. Any person
knowing anything pertaining to the
above, please communicate.

7255. DODDERER EMILY MOLLIE
(or Amelia). Information wanted as
to her present whereabouts, im-
portant that she should be found.

7239. PATON, WILLIAM CAMP-
BELL. Last known to be living in
Montreal, P. Q. Said he was going
to try and find his way home. Age
24; medium height; fair hair; grey
eyes and pale complexion. News
anxiously wanted.

6955. ELLIOTT, THOMAS ED-
WIN. (Ellerit). Labourer; medium
height; dark brown hair; blue eyes;
fair complexion. Last heard of June
12th, 1908. Was then at Stratford,
Ont. Age 29. News wanted.

7201. ARNOLD, WILLIAM. Left
Manchester, Eng., about 23 years
ago. Brother James would like to
hear news of him.

7069. SIMPSON, FRANK. Age 23;
height 5 ft. 10 in.; dark hair; blue
grey eyes; fair complexion; job of
one car is large. Came to Canada
with intention of farming, but has
been working on the Grand Trunk
Pacific Railway. Was last heard from
at Matber, Manitoba, October 13th,
1907.

7074. SCOTT, WALLACE. Age 42;
height 5 ft. 5 in.; brown hair turning
gray; brown eyes; dark complexion;
rather deaf; teeth missing from the
upper jaw; carpenter by trade. Lived
in West Hamilton, Ont., some twelve
months ago.

7212. LARSON, or LARSAN, SE-
VERT DAVID JOHN. Age 57;
medium height; light hair; light
eyes; stout. Went to Minnesota
seven years ago, intended to stay five
years and then return home, but after
one year's absence he has not been
heard of. News wanted.

7200. WILSON, MRS. (SARAH
HEATHER). Left England in 1907,
and when last heard of, was in Can-
ada. News wanted as to her present
whereabouts.

LIEUT.-COLONEL GASKIN,

(Field Secretary)

will visit

BELLEVEILLE, on August, 12th.

LIEUT.-COLONEL TURNER

and the

New Aberdeen Splendid Dress Band
will visit.

BRIDGETOWN—Monday, July 12.

ANNAPOLIS—Tuesday, July 13.

BEAR RIVER—Wednesday, July 14.

DIGBY—Thursday, July 22.

CARLETON—Friday, July 22.

FREDERICTON—July 24-25.

WOODSTOCK—July 27, 28.

LOGGIEVILLE—Thursday, July 28.

S. JOHN III.—Friday, July 28.

S. JOHN V.—Saturday, July 21.

ST. JOHN I.—Sunday, August 1,
August 1 and 2.

SUSSEX—Tuesday, August 2.

MONCTON—Wednesday, August 4.

AMHERST—Thursday, August 6.

SPRINGHILL—Friday, August 6.

CHARLOTTETOWN—Saturday, Sun-
day and Monday, August 7, 8, 9.

WESTVILLE—Tuesday, August 10.

STELLARTON—Wednesday, August 11.

SYDNEY—Thursday, August 12.

BRIGADIER COLLIER

will visit

MONCTON—July 24th and 25th.

HILLSBORO—July 26th.

YARMOUTH—July 31st, Aug. 1st.

BRIGADIER MOREHEN

will visit

HALIFAX III.—July 22nd.

BRIGADIER ADBY

THE SINGING EVANGELIST,
will visit

PERTH—July 20 to 23.

SMITH'S FALLS—July 30 to Aug. 1.

MAJOR HAY

will conduct Camp Meetings at
Palmerston—July 31st, to August 1st.

Guelph, August 7th, to 13th.

MAJOR SIMCO

will visit

London I.—July 14th to 27th.

Stratford—July 3rd, to August 10th.

The Revival and Musical Tri.

(Led by Adjutant Habbick.)

Gravenhurst—July 24th.

Orillia—July 25th and 26th.

Midland—July 27th and 28th.

Kottingsburg—July 29th and 30th.

Barrie—July 31st, August 1st.

Newmarket—August 2nd.

Aurora—August 3rd.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Captain Mannon, East Ont. Prov-
incial Force, July 25-26; Smith's Falls, July
28-30; Perth, August 1-3; Trent
August 4-6; Peterborough, August 5-6;
Kottingsburg, August 7-9; Midland,
August 9-10; Cobourg, August 10-11; Tooton,
August 12-13; Campbellford, Aug.
14-16; Belleville, Aug. 17-19.

Captain Backus—Eastern Province,
Freeport, July 23-25; Yarmouth, July
26-28; Lunenburg, Aug. 4-6; Dartmouth,
August 8; Halifax I, Aug. 9-10; Ba-
fax II, Aug. 12; Windsor, Aug. 13-15;
Woolville, Aug. 16; Kentville, Aug.
17-19; Bridgeport, Aug. 20-22;
Annapolis, Aug. 23-25.

Captain Lloyd—West Ont. Prov-
incial Force, July 24-26; Barrie, July
27-29; North Bay, July 31, August 1-3;
Cobalt, Aug. 2-4; Brantford, Aug. 5-6;
Guelph, August 7-9; New El-
phinstone, August 10-11; Elk Lake, Aug.
12-14; Elk Lake, Aug. 15-17;
Sturgeon, August 18, 19.

Capt. Gilmour—Eastern Province,
Hillsboro, August 2-3; Amherst,
August 4-5; Springhill, Aug. 6-7; Mon-
cton, August 8-9; London, August 10-11;
Truro, August 12-13; New
Gloucester, August 14-15; Inverness, Aug.
16-17; Port Hood, Aug. 18-19; West
port, Aug. 20-22.